THE DUKE OF GUISE. A TRAGEDY.

Acted by

Their Majesties Servants.

WRITTEN

By Mr. *DRYDEN*, and Mr. *LEE*.

To which is Added, *A Vindication of the PLAY.*
By Mr. *DRYDEN.*

Οὕτως ἡ φιλόπολις φύσεις ἐν ταῖς πολιτείαις τὸ ἄγαν μὴ φυλαξάμεναι, τῷ ἀγαθῷ μεῖζον τὸ κακὸν ἔχουσι. Plutarch. in Agesilao.

LONDON,
Printed for *Jacob Tonson*, at *Grays-Inn-Gate*, next *Grays-Inn-Lane*, MDCXCIX.

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY
FROM
THE BEQUEST OF
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL
1918

To the Right Honourable

LAWRENCE,

EARL of *Rocheſter*, &c.

My LORD,

THE Authors of this Poem, preſent it humbly to your Lordſhip's Patronage, if you ſhall think it worthy of that Honour. It has already been a Confeſſor, and was almoſt made a Martyr for the Royal Cauſe. But having ſtood two Tryals from its Enemies, one before it was acted, another in the Repreſentation, and having been in both acquitted, 'tis now to ſtand the Publick Cenſure in the reading: Where ſince, of neceſſity, it muſt have the ſame Enemies, we hope it may alſo find the ſame Friends; and therein we are ſecure not only of the greater Number, but of the more Honeſt and Loyal Party. We only expected bare Juſtice in the permiſſion to have it Acted; and that we had, after a ſevere and long Examination, from an Upright and Knowing Judge, who having heard both ſides, and examin'd the Merits of the Cauſe in a ſtrict peruſual of the Play, gave Sentence for us, that it was neither a Libel, nor a Parallel of particular Perſons. In the Repreſentation it ſelf, it was perſecuted with ſo notorious Malice by one ſide, that it procur'd us the Partiality of the other; ſo that the Favour more than recompenc'd the Prejudice: And 'tis happier to have been ſav'd (if ſo we were) by the Indulgence of our good and faithful Fellow-Subjects, than by our own Deſerts; becauſe thereby the weakneſs of the Faction is diſcover'd, which in us, at that time, attack'd the Government; and ſtood com-

bin'd, like the Members of the Rebellious League, againſt the Lawful Soveraign Authority. To what Topique will they have recourſe, when they are manifeſtly beaten from their chief Poſt, which has always been Popularity, and Majority of Voices? They will tell us, That the Voices of a People are not to be gather'd in a Play-Houſe; and yet even there, the Enemies as well as Friends have free Admiſſion; but while our Argument was ſerviceable to their Intereſts, they cou'd boaſt that the Theaters were True Proteſtant, and came inſulting to the Plays, where their own Triumphs were repreſented. But let them now aſſure themſelves, that they can make the major part of no Aſſembly, except it be a *Meeting-Houſe*. Their Tyde of Popularity is ſpent, and the natural Current of Obedience is, in ſpight of them, at laſt prevalent. In which, *my Lord*, after the merciful Providence of God, the unſhaken Reſolution, and prudent Carriage of the King, and the inviolable Duty, and manifeſt Innocence of his Royal Highneſs, the prudent Management of the Miniſters, is alſo moſt conſpicuous. I am not particular in this Commendation, becauſe I am unwilling to raiſe Envy to your Lordſhip, who are too juſt not to deſire that Praiſe ſhou'd be communicated to others, which was the common Endeavour and Co-operation of all. 'Tis enough, *my Lord*, that your own Part was neither obſcure in it, nor unhazardous. And if ever this excellent Government, ſo well eſtabliſh'd by the Wiſdom of our Forefathers, and ſo much ſhaken by the Folly of this Age, ſhall recover its ancient Splendor, Poſterity cannot be ſo ungrateful, as to forget thoſe, who in the worſt of Times, have ſtood undaunted by their King and Countrey, and for the Safeguard of both, have expos'd themſelves to the malice of falſe Patriots, and the madneſs of an headſtrong Rabble. But ſince this glorious Work is yet unfiniſh'd, and though we have reaſon to hope well of the ſucceſs, yet the Event depends on the unſearchable Providence of Almighty God; 'tis no time to raiſe Trophies, while the Victory is in diſpute: but every Man by your example, to contribute what is in his power, to maintain ſo juſt a Cauſe, on which depends the future Settlement and Proſperity of Three Nations. The Pilot's Prayer to *Neptune* was not amiſs, in the middle of the Storm: *Thou may'ſt do with me, O* Neptune, *what thou pleaſeſt, but I will be ſure to hold faſt the Rudder.* We are to truſt firmly in the Deity, but ſo as not to forget, that he commmonly works by ſecond Cauſes,

and

and admits of our Endeavour with his concurrence. For our own parts, we are ſenſible as we ought, how little we can contribute with our weak aſſiſtance. The moſt we can boaſt of, is, that we are not ſo inconſiderable as to want Enemies, whom we have rais'd to our ſelves on no other account, than that we are not of their number: and ſince that's their Quarrel, they ſhall have daily occaſion to hate us more. 'Tis not, *my Lord*, that any Man delights to ſee himſelf paſquin'd and affronted by their inveterate Scriblers, but on the other ſide it ought to be our Glory, that themſelves believe not of us what they write. Reaſonable Men are well ſatisfy'd for whoſe ſakes the venom of their Party is ſhed on us, becauſe they ſee that at the ſame time, our Adverſaries ſpare not thoſe to whom they owe Allegiance and Veneration. Their Deſpair has puſh'd them to break thoſe Bonds; and 'tis obſervable, that the lower they are driven, the more violently they write: As *Lucifer* and his Companions were only proud when Angels, but grew malicious when Devils. Let them rail, ſince 'tis the only ſolace of their miſeries, and the only revenge, which, we hope, they now can take. The greateſt and the beſt of Men are above their reach; and for our meanneſs, though they aſſault us like Foot-padders in the dark, their Blows have done us little harm; we yet live, to juſtifie our ſelves in open day, to vindicate our Loyalty to the Government, and to aſſure your Lordſhip, with all Submiſſion and Sincerity, that we are

Your Lordſhip's moſt

Obedient, Faithful Servants,

John Dryden, Nat. Lee.

PRO-

PROLOGUE.

Written by Mr. *Dryden*. Spoken by Mr. *Smith*.

OUR *Play's a Parellel: The Holy League*
Begot our Cov'nant: Guiſards got the Whigg:
Whate'er our hot-brain'd Sheriffs did advance,
Was, like our Faſhions, firſt produc'd in France:
And, when worn out, well ſcourg'd, and baniſh'd there,
Sent over, like their godly Beggars here.
Cou'd the ſame Trick, twice play'd, our Nation gull?
It looks as if the Devil were grown dull;
Or ſerv'd us up, in ſcorn, his broken Meat,
And thought we were not worth a better Cheat.
The fulſome Cov'nant, one wou'd think in reaſon,
Had giv'n us all our Bellys-full of Treaſon:
And yet, the Name but chang'd, our naſty Nation
Chaws its own Execrement, th' Aſſociation.
'Tis true, we have not learn'd their pois'ning way,
For that's a mode but newly come in play;
Beſides, your Drug's uncertain to prevail;
But your True Proteſtant can never fail,
With that compendious Inſtrument, a Flail.
Go on; and bite, ev'n though the Hook lies bare;
Twice in one Age expel the Lawful Heir:
Once more decide Religion by the Sword;
And purchaſe for us a New Tyrant Lord.
Pray for your King; but yet your Purſes ſpare;
Make him not Two-pence richer by his Prayer.
To ſhew you love Him much, chaſtiſe Him more;
And make Him very Great, and very Poor.
Puſh Him to Wars, but ſtill no Pence advance;
Let Him loſe England, *to recover* France.
Cry Freedom up with Popular noiſie Votes:
And get enough to cut each others Throats,
Lop all the Rights that ſence your Monarch's Throne;
For fear of too much Pow'r, prayſe him none.
A noiſe was made of Arbitrary Sway;
But in Revenge, you Whiggs, have found a way,
An Arbitrary Duty now to pay.
Let His own Servants turn, to ſave their ſtake;
Glean from his Plenty, and His Wants forſake.
But let ſome Judas *near his Perſon ſtay,*
To ſwallow the laſt Sop, and then betray.

Make

Make London *independant of the Crown:*
A Realm apart; the Kingdom of the Town.
Let Ignoramus *Juries find no Traytors:*
And Ignoramus *Poets ſcribble Satyrs.*
And, that your meaning none may fail to ſcan,
Do, what in Coffee-houſes you began;
Pull down the Maſter, and Set up the Man.

EPILOGUE.

Written by the ſame Author. Spoken by Mrs. *Cook.*

MUCH Time and Trouble this poor Play has coſt;
And, Faith, I doubted once the Cauſe was loſt.
Yet no one Man was meant; nor Great, nor Small;
Our Poets, like frank Gameſters, threw at All.
They Took no ſingle Aim:——
But like bold Boys, true to their Prince and hearty,
Huzza'd, and fir'd Broad-ſides at the whole Party.
Duels are Crimes; but when the Cauſe is right,
In Battle, every Man is bound to fight.
For what ſhou'd hinder Me to ſell my Skin
Dear as I cou'd, if once my hand were in?
Se Defendendo *never was a Sin.*
'Tis a fine World, my Maſters, right or wrong,
The Whiggs muſt talk, and Tories hold their Tongue.
They muſt do all they can——
But We, Forſooth, muſt bear a Chriſtian mind;
And fight, like Boys, with one Hand ty'd behind;
Nay, and when one Boy's down, 'twere wondrous wiſe,
To cry, Box fair, and give him time to riſe.
When Fortune favours, none but Fools will dally:
Wou'd any of you Sparks, if Nan *or* Mally
Tipt you th' inviting Wink, ſtand ſhall I, ſhall I?
A Trimmer *cry'd, (that heard me tell this Story)*
Fie, Miſtreſs Cook! *Faith you're too rank a Tory!*
Wiſh not Whiggs hang'd, but pity their hard Caſes;
You Women Love to ſee Men make wry Faces.
Pray, Sir, ſaid I, don't think me ſo much a Jew;
I ſay no more, but give the Devil his due.
Lenitives, ſays he, ſuit beſt with our Condition.
Jack Ketch, *ſays I, 's an excellent Phyſician.*
I love no Bloud——Nor I, Sir, as I breath;
But hanging is a fine dry kind of Death.

We

We Trimmers *are for holding all things even:*
Yes——just like him that hung 'twixt Hell and Heaven.
Have we not had Mens Lives enow already?
Yes sure:——but you're for holding all things steddy:
Now since the Weight hangs all on one side, Brother,
You Trimmers *shou'd, to poize it, hang on t'other.*
Damn'd Neuters, in their middle way of steering,
Are neither Fish, nor Flesh, nor good Red-Herring:
Not Whiggs, nor Tories they; nor this, nor that;
Not Birds, nor Beasts; but just a kind of Bat:
A Twilight Animal; true to neither Cause,
With Tory Wings, but Whiggish Teeth and Claws.

Dramatis Personæ.

MEN.

The King	Mr. *Kynaston.*
Duke of *Guise*	Mr. *Betterton.*
Duke of *Mayenne*	Mr. *Jevon.*
Grillon	Mr. *Smith.*
The Cardinal of *Guise*	Mr. *Wiltshyre.*
Archbishop of *Lyons*	Mr. *Perin.*
Alphonso Corso	Mr. *Monfert.*
Polin	Mr. *Bowman.*
Aumale	Mr. *Carlile.*
Busly	Mr. *Saunders.*
The Curate of St. *Eustace*	Mr. *Underhill.*
Malicorne	Mr. *Percival.*
Melanax, a Spirit	Mr. *Gillo.*
Two Sheriffs	*Bright* and *Samford.*

Citizens and Rabble, *&c.*

WOMEN.

Queen-Mother	Lady *Slingsby.*
Marmoutier	Mrs. *Barry.*

SCENE, *PARIS.*

THE

THE Duke of GUISE. A TRAGEDY.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Council of Sixteen Seated: An Empty Chair prepar'd for the Duke of Guiſe.

Buſſy *and* Polin, *Two of the Sixteen.*

Buſſy. LIghts there! more Lights: what burn the Tapers dim,
When glorious *Guiſe*, the *Moſes*, *Gideon*, *David*,
The Saviour of the Nation, makes approach?

Pol. And therefore are we met; the whole Sixteen
That ſway the Crowd of *Paris*, guide their Votes,
Manage their Purſes, Perſons, Fortunes, Lives,
To mount the *Guiſe*, where merit calls him, high;
And give him a whole Heav'n, for room to ſhine.

Enter Curate of St. Euſtace.

Buſſ. The Curate of S. *Euſtace* comes at laſt;
But, Father, why ſo late?

Cur. I have been taking godly pains, to ſatisfie ſome Scruples rais'd amongſt weak Brothers of our Party, that were ſtaggering in the Cauſe.

Pol. What cou'd they find t' Object?

Cur. They thought, to Arm againſt the King was Treaſon.

Buſſ. I hope you ſet 'em right?

Cur. Yes; and for anſwer, I produc'd this Book.

A Calviniſt Miniſter of *Orleans*
Writ this, to juſtifie the Admiral
For taking Arms againſt the King deceas'd:
Wherein he proves that irreligious Kings
May juſtly be depos'd, and put to death.

Buſſ. To borrow Arguments from Heretick Books
Methinks was not ſo prudent.

Cur. Yes; from the Devil, if it would help our Cauſe.
The Author was indeed a Heretick;
The Matter of the Book is good and pious.

Pol. But one prime Article of our Holy League,
Is to preſerve the King, his Pow'r and Perſon.

Cur. That muſt be ſaid, you know, for decency;
A pretty Blind to make the Shoot ſecure.

Buſſ. But did the Primitive Chriſtians e're rebell,
When under Heathen Lords? I hope they did.

Cur. No ſure, they did not; for they had not Pow'r?
The Conſcience of a People is their Pow'r.

Pol. Well; the next Article in our Solemn Covenant
Has clear'd the Point again.

Buſſ. What is't? I ſhou'd be glad to find the King
No ſafer than needs muſt?

Pol. That in caſe of Oppoſition from any perſon whatſoever——

Cur. That's well, that's well; then the King is not excepted, if he oppoſe us——

Pol. We are oblig'd to join as one, to puniſh
All, who attempt to hinder or diſturb us.

Buſſ. 'Tis a plain Caſe; the King's included in the Puniſhment,
In caſe he rebell againſt the People.

Pol. But how can he rebell?

Cur. I'll make it out: Rebellion is an Inſurrection againſt the Government; but they that have the Power are actually the Government: Therefore if the People have the Power, the Rebellion is in the King.

Buſſ. A moſt convincing Argument for Faction.

Cur. For Arming, if you pleaſe; but not for Faction.
For ſtill the Faction is the feweſt number;
So, what they call the Lawful Government,
Is now the Faction; for the moſt are ours.

Pol. Since we are prov'd to be above the King; I wou'd gladly underſtand whom we are to obey; or whether we are to be all Kings together?

Cur. Are you a Member of the League, and ask that Queſtion?
There's an Article, that, I may ſay, is as neceſſary as any
In the Creed: Namely, that we, the ſaid Aſſociates, are
Sworn to yield ready Obedience, and Faithful Service, to that
Head which ſhall be deputed.

Buſſ.

Buſſ. 'Tis moſt manifeſt, that by Virtue of our Oath
We are all Subjects to the Duke of *Guiſe*. The King's
An Officer that has betray'd his Truſt; and therefore we
Have turn'd him out of Service.
Omnes. Agreed, agreed.

Enter the Duke of Guiſe; *Cardinal of* Guiſe, Aumale: *Torches before them. The Duke takes the Chair.*

Buſſ. Your Highneſs enters in a lucky hour;
Th' unanimous Vote you heard, confirms your Choice,
As Head of *Paris*, and the Holy League.
Card. I ſay *Amen* to that.
Pol. You are our Champion; Buckler of our Faith.
Card. The King, like *Saul*, is Heaven's repented Choice;
You his Anointed one, on better thought.
Guiſe. I'm what you pleaſe to call me; Any thing,
Lieutenant General, Chief, or Conſtable,
Good Decent Names, that only mean your Slave.
Buſſ. You chas'd the *Germans* hence, Exil'd *Navarre*;
And reſcu'd *France* from Hereticks and Strangers.
Aum. What he and all of us have done, is known.
What's our reward? Our Offices are loſt,
Turn'd out like Labour'd Oxen, after Harveſt,
To the bare Commons of the wither'd Field.
Buſſ. Our Charters will go next: Becauſe we *Sheriffs*
Permit no Juſtice to be done on thoſe
The Court calls Rebels, but we call them Saints.
Guiſe Yes; we are all invol'd, as Heads, or Parties:
Dipt in the noiſy Crime of State, call'd Treaſon:
And Traitours we muſt be, to King, or Country.
Buſſ. Why then my Choice is made.
Pol. And mine.
Omn. And all
Card. Heav'n is it ſelf Head of the Holy League;
And all that are Cov'nanters, and Guiſards.
Guiſe. What ſay you, Curate?
Cur. I hope well, my Lord.
Card. That is, he hopes you mean to make him Abbot,
And he deſerves your care of his Preferment.
For all his Prayers are Curſes upon the Government;
And all his Sermons Libels on the King.
In ſhort, a Pious, Hearty, Factious Prieſt.
Guiſe. All that are here my Friends, ſhall ſhare my Fortunes;
There's Spoil, Preferments, Wealth enough in *France*,
'Tis but deſerve and have: The *Spaniſh* King
Conſigns me fifty thouſand Crowns a Week

To raiſe and to foment a Civil-War.
'Tis true, a Penſion from a Foreign Prince
Sounds Treaſon in the Letter of the Law,
But good intentions juſtify the deed.
Cur. Heaven's good; the Cauſe is good; the Money's good;
No matter whence it comes.
Buſſ. Our City Bands, are twenty thouſand ſtrong;
Well Diſciplin'd, well Arm'd, well ſeaſon'd Traitors;
Thick rinded heads, that leave no room for *Kernel*;
Shop Conſciences, of proof againſt an Oath,
Preach'd up, and ready tin'd for a Rebellion.
Guiſe. Why then the Noble Plot is fit for birth;
And Labouring *France* cries out for Mid-wife-hands.
We miſs'd ſurprizing of the King at *Blois*,
When laſt the States were held; 'twas over-ſight:
Beware we make not ſuch another Blot.
Card. This Holy time of *Lent* we have him ſure;
He goes unguarded, mix'd with whipping Fryars,
In that proceſſion, he's more fit for Heav'n:
What hinders us to ſeize the Royal Penitent,
And cloſe him in a Cloyſter?
Cur. Or diſpatch him: I love to make all ſure.
Guiſe. No guard him ſafe;
Thin Diet will do well; 'twill ſtarve him into Reaſon,
Till he exclude his Brother of *Navarre*,
And graft Succeſſion on a worthier Choice:
To favour this, five hundred Men in Arms,
Shall ſtand prepar'd to enter at your call;
And ſpeed the Work: St. *Martins Gate* was nam'd:
But the *Sheriff Conty*, who Commands that Ward,
Refuſs'd me paſſage there.
Buſſ. I know that *Conty*:
A Sniveling, Conſcientious, Loyal Rogue:
He'll Peach, and ruine all.
Card. Give out he's Arbitrary; a *Navarriſt*:
A Heretick; diſcredit him betimes;
And make his Witneſs void.
Cur. I'll ſwear him Guilty.
I ſwallow Oaths as eaſie as Snap-dragon,
Mock-Fire that never burns.
Guiſe. Then *Buſſy*, be't your care t'admit my Troops,
At *Porte* St. *Honore*: (*riſes*) Night wears apace,
And Day-light moſt not peep on Dark Deſigns.
I will my ſelf to Court; pay Formal Duty;
Take leave; and to my Government retire:
Impatient to be ſoon recall'd; to ſee
The King Impriſon'd, and the Nation free. [*Exeunt all but* Guiſe.

Enter

Enter Malicorn *ſolus.*

Mal. Each diſmal Minute when I call to Mind
The Promiſe that I made the Prince of Hell,
In one and twenty years to be his Slave,
Of which near Twelve are gone, my Soul runs back,
The Wards of reaſon rowl into their Spring.
O horrid thought! but one and twenty years,
And twelve near paſt, then to be ſteep'd in Fire,
Daſh'd againſt Rocks, or ſnatcht from molten Lead,
Reeking, and dropping, piece-meal born by Winds,
And quench'd ten thouſand fathom in the deep!
But hark! he comes, ſee there, my Blood ſtands ſtill; *Knocking at the Door.*
My Spirits ſtart an end for *Guiſe*'s Fate.

A Devil riſes.

Mal. What Counſel does the Fate of *Guiſe* require?
Dev. Remember with his Prince there's no delay,
But, the Sword drawn, to fling the Sheath away;
Let not the fear of Hell his Spirit grieve,
The Tomb is ſtill, whatever Fools believe;
Laugh at the Tales which wither'd Sages bring,
Proverbs and Morals, let the Waxen King
That rules the Hive, be born without a Sting;
Let *Guiſe* by Blood reſolve to mount to Pow'r,
And he is great as *Mecha*'s Emperour;
He comes, bid him not ſtand on Altar Vows,
But then ſtrike deepeſt, when he loweſt bows;
Tell him Fate's aw'd when an Uſurper Springs,
And joyns to crow'd out Juſt Indulgent Kings. [*Vaniſhes.*

Enter the Duke of Guiſe, *and Duke of* Mayen.

May. All Offices and Dignities he gives
To your profeſt and moſt inveterate Foes;
But if he were inclin'd, as we could wiſh him,
There is a Lady Regent at his Ear,
That never Pardons.
Guiſe. Poyſon on her Name,
Take my hand on't, that Cormorant *Dowager*
Will never reſt, till ſhe has all our Heads
In her lap. I was at *Bayon* with her,
When She, the King, and Griſly *d'Alva* met;
Methinks I ſee her liſtening now before me,
Marking the very motion of his *Beard*,

His

His Op'ning Noſtrils and his Dropping Lids,
I hear him Croak too to the Gaping Council;
Fiſh for the great Fiſh, take no care for Frogs,
Cut off the Poppy-Heads, Sir; *Madam*, charm
The Winds but faſt, the Billows will be ſtill.
May. But Sir, how comes it you ſhould be thus warm,
Still puniſhing Councils when among your Friends;
Yet at the Court cautious, and cold as Age,
Your Voice, your Eyes, your Meen ſo different,
You ſeem to me two Men.
Guiſe. The Reaſon's plain,
Hot with my Friends, becauſe the Queſtion giv'n,
I ſtart the Judgment right where others drag.
This is the Effect of Equal Elements,
And Atoms juſtly pois'd; nor ſhould you wonder
More at the ſtrength of Body than of Mind;
'Tis equally the ſame to ſee me plunge
Headlong into the *Seine* all over Arm'd,
And Plow againſt the Torrent to my point,
As 'twas to hear my Judgment on the *Germans*;
This to another Man wou'd be a brag,
Or at the Court among my Enemies,
To be as I am here quite off my Guard,
Would make me ſuch another thing as *Grillon*,
A blunt, hot, honeſt, downright, valiant Fool.
May. Yet this you muſt allow a failure in you;
You love his Neece, and to a Politician,
All Paſſion's bane, but Love directly death.
Guiſe. Falſe, falſe, my *Mayen*, thou'rt but half *Guiſe* agen,
Were ſhe not ſuch a wondrous Compoſition;
A Soul ſo flush'd as mine is with Ambition,
Sagacious and ſo nice, muſt have diſdain'd her;
But ſhe was made when Nature was in humour,
As if a *Grillon* got her on the Queen,
Where all the honeſt Atoms fought their way;
Took a full Tincture of the Mother's Wit,
But left the dregs of Wickedneſs behind.
May. Have you not told her what we have in hand?
Guiſe. My utmoſt aim has been to hide it from her,
But there I'm ſhort, by the long Chain of Cauſes
She has ſcan'd it, juſt as if ſhe were my Soul:
And though I flew about with Circumſtances,
Denials, Oaths, Improbabilities;
Yet through the Hiſtories of our Lives, ſhe look'd,
She ſaw, ſhe overcame.
May. Why then, we're all undone.
Guiſe. Agen you err.

Chaſt

Chaſt as ſhe is, ſhe wou'd as ſoon give up
Her Honour, as betray me to the King:
I tell thee, ſhe's the Character of Heaven:
Such an habitual over-Womanly Goodneſs,
She dazles, walks meer Angel upon Earth.
But ſee, ſhe comes, call the Cardinal *Guiſe*,
While *Malicorn* attends for ſome Diſpatches,
Before I take my farewell of the Court.

Enter Marmoutire.

Mar. Ah *Guiſe*, you are undone.
Guiſe. How, Madam?
Mar. Loſt,
Beyond the poſſibility of Hope,
Deſpair, and die.
Guiſe. You meance deeply, Madam,
And ſhould this come from any Mouth but yours,
My ſmile ſhould anſwer how the ruine touch'd me.
Mar. Why do you leave the Court?
Guiſe. The Court leaves me.
Mar. Were there no more but wearineſs of State,
Or cou'd you, like great *Scipio*, retire,
Call *Rome* ungrateful, and ſit down with that;
Such inward Gallantry would gain you more
Than all the ſullied Conqueſt you can boaſt;
But Oh, you want that *Roman* Maſtery;
You have too much of the tumultuous times,
And I muſt mourn the Fate of your Ambition.
Guiſe. Becauſe the King diſdains my Services,
Muſt I not let him know I dare be gone?
What when I feel his Council on my Neck,
Shall I not caſt 'em backward if I can;
And at his Feet make known their Villany?
Mar. No *Guiſe*, not at his Feet, but on his Head;
For there you ſtrike.
Guiſe. Madam, you wrong me now;
For ſtill what-e're ſhall come in Fortunes whirle,
His Perſon muſt be ſafe.
Mar. I cannot think it.
However, your laſt words confeſs too much.
Confeſs, what need I urge that Evidence,
When every hour I ſee you court the Crowd,
When with the ſhouts of the Rebellious Rabble,
I ſee you born on ſhoulders to Cabals;
Where with the Traiterous Council of Sixteen,
You ſit and Plot the Royal *Henry*'s Death.

Could

Cloud the Majeſtick Name with Fumes of Wine,
Infamous Scrowls, and Treaſonable Verſe;
While, on the other ſide, the Name of *Guiſe*,
By the whole Kennel of the Slaves, is rung,
Pamphleteers, Balladmongers, ſing your Ruine,
While all the Vermin of the vile *Pariſians*
Toſs up their greaſie Caps where-e're you paſs,
And hurle your dirty Glories in your Face.
Guiſe. Can I help this?
Mar. By Heaven, I'd Earth my ſelf,
Rather than live to act ſuch black Ambition:
But, Sir, you ſeek it with your Smiles and Bows,
This ſide and that ſide congeing to the Crowd;
You have your Writers too, that cant your Battles,
That ſtile you the New *David*, Second *Moſes*,
Prop of the Church, Deliverer of the People.
Thus from the City, as from the Heart they ſpread
Thro' all the Provinces, alarm the Countries,
Where they run forth in Heaps, bellowing your Wonders,
Then cry, The King, the King's a *Hugonot*,
And, ſpight of us, will have *Navarre* ſucceed,
Spight of the Laws, and ſpight of our Religion:
But we will pull 'em down, down with 'em, down. [*Kneels.*
Guiſe. Ha, Madam! Why this Poſture?
Mar. Hear me, Sir:
For, if 'tis poſſible, my Lord, I'll move you.
Look back, return, implore the Royal Mercy,
E're 'tis too late, I beg you by theſe Tears,
Theſe Sighs, and by th' ambitious Love you bear me;
By all the Wounds of your poor groaning Country,
That bleeds to death, O ſeek the beſt of Kings,
Kneel, fling your ſtubborn Body at his Feet:
Your Pardon ſhall be ſign'd, your Country ſav'd,
Virgins and Matrons all ſhall ſing your Fame,
And every Babe ſhall bleſs the *Guiſe*'s Name.
Guiſe. O riſe, thou Image of the Deity;
You ſhall prevail, I will do any thing;
You have broke the very Gall of my Ambition,
And all my Powers now float in Peace agen:
Be ſatisfi'd that I will ſee the King,
Kneel to him, e're I Journey to *Champagn*,
And beg a kind Farewell.
Mar. No, no, my Lord;
I ſee, thro that, you but withdraw a while,
To muſter all the Forces that you can,
And then rejoyn the Council of Sixteen.
You muſt not go.

Guiſe.

Guiſe. All the Heads of the League
Expect me, and I have engag'd my Honour.
Mar. Would all thoſe Heads were off, ſo yours were ſav'd.
Once more, O *Guiſe*, the weeping *Marmoutire*
Entreats you do not go.
Guiſe. Is't poſſible
That *Guiſe* ſhould ſay, in this he muſt refuſe you?
Mar. Go then, my Lord. I late receiv'd a Letter
From one at Court, who tells me the King loves me:
Read it, there is no more than what you hear.
I have Jewels offer'd too, perhaps may take 'em:
And if you go from *Paris*, I'll to Court.
Guiſe. But, Madam, I have often heard you ſay,
You lov'd not Courts.
Mar. Perhaps I have chang'd my Mind:
Nothing as yet could draw me, but a King,
And ſuch a King, ſo Good, ſo Juſt, ſo Great,
That at his Birth the Heavenly Council paus'd,
And then at laſt cry'd out, This is a Man.
Guiſe. Come, 'tis but Counterfeit; you dare not go.
Mar. Go to your Government, and try.
Guiſe. I will.
Mar. Then I'll to Court, nay, to the King.
Guiſe. By Heaven
I ſwear, you cannot, ſhall not, dare not ſee him.
Mar. By Heaven I can, I dare, nay, and I will:
And nothing but your Stay ſhall hinder me;
For now, methinks, I long for't.
Guiſe. Poſſible!
Mar. I'll give you yet a little time to think:
But if I hear you go to take your leave,
I'll meet you there, before the Throne I'll ſtand,
Nay, you ſhall ſee me kneel, and kiſs his Hand: [*Ex.*
Guiſe. Furies and Hell! She does but try me: Ha!
This is the Mother-Queen and *Eſpernon*,
Abbot *Delbene*, *Alphonſo Corſo* too,
All packt to plot, and turn me into Madneſs. [*Reading the Letter.*

Enter Cardinal Guiſe, *Duke of* Mayen, Malicorn, &c.

Ha! can it be! *Madam, the King loves you.* *Reads.*
But Vengeance I will have; to pieces, thus,
To pieces with 'em all. [*Tears the Letter.*
Card. Speak lower.
Guiſe. No;
By all the Torments of this galling Paſſion,
I'll hollow the Revenge I vow, ſo loud,

My Father's Ghoſt ſhall hear me up to Heaven.
Card. Contain your ſelf; this Outrage will undo us.
Guiſe. All things are ripe, and Love new points their Ruine.
Ha! my good Lords, what if the murd'ring Council
Were in our Power, ſhould they eſcape our Juſtice?
I ſee by each Mans laying of his Hand
Upon his Sword, you ſwear the like Revenge.
For me, I wiſh that mine may both rot off———
Card. No more.
May. The Council of Sixteen attend you.
Guiſe. I go——That Vermin may devour my Limbs,
That I may die like the late puling *Francis*,
Under the Barbers Hands, Impoſthumes choak me,
If while alive I ceaſe to chew their Ruine;
Alphonſo Corſo, *Grillon*, Prieſt, together,
To hang 'em in Effigie, nay, to tread,
Drag, ſtamp, and grind 'em, after they are dead. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Queen-Mother, *Abbot* Delbene, Polin.

Q. M. PRay mark the Form of the Conſpiracy:
Guiſe gives it out he Journeys to *Champagn*,
But lurks indeed at *Lagny*, hard by *Paris*,
Where every Hour he hears, and gives Inſtructions.
Mean time the Council of Sixteen aſſure him
They have twenty thouſand Citizens in Arms.
Is it not ſo, *Polin*?
Pol. True, on my Life;
And if the King doubts the Diſcovery,
Send me to the *Baſtile* till all be prov'd.
Q. M. Call Colonel *Grillon*, the King would ſpeak with him. [*Exit* Polin.
Abbot. Was ever Age like this?
Q. M. Polin is honeſt:
Beſide, the whole Proceeding is ſo like
The hair-brain'd Rout, I gueſs'd as much before.
Know then, it is reſolv'd to ſeize the King,
When next he goes in Penitential Weeds,
Among the Friars, without his uſual Guards;
Then, under ſhew of Popular Sedition,
For Safety, ſhut him in a Monaſtery,
And ſacrifice his Favourites to their Rage.
Abbot. When is this Council to be held again?

Q. M. Im-

Q. M. Immediately upon the Duke's departure.
Abbot. Why ſends not then the King ſufficient Guards,
To ſeiſe the Fiends, and hew 'em into pieces?
Q. M. 'Tis in appearance eaſie, but th' Effect
Moſt hazardous; for ſtraight, upon th' Alarm,
The City would be ſure to be in Arms:
Therefore to undertake, and not to compaſs,
Were to come off with Ruine and Diſhonour.
You know th' *Italian* Proverb, *Biſogna Coprierſi:*
He that will venture on a Hornets Neſt,
Should Arm his Head, and Buckler well his Breaſt.
Abbot. But wherefore ſeems the King ſo unreſolv'd?
Q. M. I brought *Polin*, and made the Demonſtration,
Told him Neceſſity cry'd out to take
A Reſolution to preſerve his Life,
And look on *Guiſe* as a reclaimleſs Rebel.
But thro the Natural Sweetneſs of his Temper,
And dangerous Mercy, coldly he reply'd,
Madam, I will conſider what you ſay.
Abbot. Yet after all, could we but fix him.
Q. M. Right,
The Buſineſs were more firm for this Delay;
For Nobleſt Natures, tho they ſuffer long,
When once provok'd, they turn the Face to Danger.
But ſee, he comes, *Alphonſo Corſo* with him;
Let us withdraw, and when 'tis fit, rejoyn him. [*Exeunt.*

Enter King, Alphonſo Corſo.

King. Alphonſo Corſo.
Alph. Sir.
King. I think thou lov'ſt me.
Alph. More than my Life.
King. That's much; yet I believe thee.
My Mother has the Judgment of the World,
And all things move by That? but, my *Alphonſo*,
She has a Cruel Wit.
Alph. The Provocation, Sir.
King. I know it well:
But if thou'dſt have my Heart within thy Hand,
All Conjurations blot the Name of Kings.
What Honours, Intereſt, were the World to buy him,
Shall make a Brave Man ſmile, and do a Murder?
Therefore I hate the Memory of *Brutus*,
I mean the latter, ſo cry'd up in Story.
Cæſar did ill, but did it in the Sun,
And foremoſt in the Field; but ſneaking *Brutus*,

Whom none but Cowards and white-liver'd Knaves
Would dare commend, lagging behind his Fellows,
His Dagger in his Boſom, ſtabb'd his Father.
This is a Blot which *Tully*'s Eloquence
Could ne're wipe off, tho' the miſtaken Man
Makes bold to call thoſe Traytors, Men Divine.
Alph. Tully was wiſe, but wanted Conſtancy.

Enter Queen-Mother, *Abbot* Delbene.

Q. M. Good-even, Sir; 'tis juſt the time you order'd
To wait on your Decrees.
King. Oh, Madam.
Q. M. Sir.
King. Oh Mother, but I cannot make it way;
Chaos and Shades, 'tis huddl'd up in Night.
Q. M. Speak then, for Speech is morning to the Mind,
It ſpreads the Beauteous Images abroad,
Which elſe lie furl'd and clouded in the Soul.
King. You would Embark me in a Sea of Blood.
Q. M. You ſee the Plot directly on your Perſon;
But give it o're, I did but ſtate the Caſe.
Take *Guiſe* into your Heart, and drive your Friends,
Let Knaves in Shops preſcribe you how to ſway,
And when they read your Acts, with their vile Breath
Proclaim aloud, they like not this or that,
Then in a drove come Lowing to the *Louvre*,
And cry they'l have it mended, that they will;
Or you ſhall be no King.
King. 'Tis true, the People —
Ne're know a Mean, when once they get the Power;
But O, if the Deſign we lay ſhould fail,
Better the Traytors never ſhould be touch'd,
If Execution cries not out 'tis done.
Q. M. No Sir; you cannot fear the ſure Deſign;
But I have liv'd too long, ſince my own Blood
Dares not Confide in her that gave him Being.
King. Stay Madam, ſtay, come back, forgive my fears;
Where all our thoughts ſhould creep like deepeſt ſtreams,
Know then, I hate aſpiring *Guiſe* to Death,
Whor'd *Margerite*, Plots upon my Life,
And ſhall I not Revenge?
Q. M. Why this is *Harry*;
Harry at *Moncontour*, when in his Bloom
He ſaw the Admiral *Colligny*'s back.
King. O this Whale *Guiſe*, with all the *Lorain* Fry,
Might I but view him after his Plots and plunges,

Strook

Strook on thoſe Cowring Shallows that await him.
This were a *Florence* Maſter-piece indeed.
Q. M. He comes to take his leave.
King. Then for *Champagn*;
But lies in wait till *Paris* is in Arms.
Call *Grillon* in, all that I beg you now,
Is to be huſh'd upon the Conſultation,
As Urns that never blab.
Q. M. Doubt not your Friends;
Love 'em, and then you need not fear your Foes.

Enter Grillon.

King. Welcome my Honeſt-Man, my old try'd Friend.
Why doſt thou flye me *Grillon*, and Retire?
Grill. Rather let me demand your Majeſty,
Why fly you from your ſelf? I've heard you ſay,
You'd Arm againſt the League, why do you not?
The Thoughts of ſuch as you, are Starts Divine,
And when you mould with ſecond caſt the Spirit,
The Air, the Life, the Golden Vapour's gone.
King. Soft, my Old Friend, *Guiſe* plots upon my life,
Polin ſhall tell thee more; haſt thou not heard
Th' unſufferable Affronts he daily offers,
War without Treaſure on the *Hugonots*,
While I am forc'd againſt my bent of Soul,
Againſt all Laws, all Cuſtom, Right, Succeſſion,
To caſt *Navarre* from the Imperial Line.
Grill. Why do you, Sir? Death, let me tell the Traytor,
King. Peace, *Guiſe* is going to his Government;
You are his Foe of Old: Go to him *Grillon*;
Viſit him as from me, to be employ'd
In this great War againſt the *Hugonots*,
And prethee tell him roundly of his Faults;
No farther, Honeſt *Grillon*.
Grill. Shall I fight him?
King. I charge thee not.
Grill. If he provokes me, ſtrike him?
You'l Grant me that?
King. Not ſo, my honeſt Souldier.
Yet ſpeak to him.
Grill. I will by Heav'n to th' purpoſe,
And if he force a beating, who can help it? [*Exit* Grill.
King. Follow *Aphonſo*, when the ſtorm is up,
Call me to part 'em.
Q. M. *Grillon* to ask him Pardon,
Will let *Guiſe* know, we are not in the Dark.

King.

King. You hit the Judgment; yet, O yet, there's more,
Something upon my heart, after theſe Counſels,
So ſoft, and ſo unworthy to be nam'd.
Q. M. They ſay that *Grillon*'s Niece is come to Court,
And means to kiſs your Hand. [*Exit* Q. Mother.
King. Could I but hope it.
O my dear Father, pardon me in this,
And then enjoyn me all that Man can ſuffer;
But ſure the Powers above will take our Tears
For ſuch a fault, Love is ſo like themſelves. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Louvre.*

Enter Guiſe *attended with his Family*, Marmoutire *meeting him New Dreſt, attended*, &c.

Guiſe. Furies, ſhe keeps her Word, and I am loſt;
Yet let not thy Ambition ſhew it to her,
For after all ſhe does it but to try me,
And foil my vow'd Deſign: Madam, I ſee
You're come to Court; the Robes you wear become you,
Your Air, your Meen, your Charms, your every Grace,
Will Kill at leaſt your thouſand in a day.
Mar. What, a whole day, and kill but one poor thouſand?
An hour you mean, and in that hour ten thouſand?
Yes, I wou'd make with every Glance a Murder.
Mend me this Curl.
Guiſe. Woman!
Mar. You ſee, my Lord,
I have my Followers, like you: I ſwear
The Court's a Heav'nly Place; but O my Heart,
I know not why that ſigh ſhould come uncall'd;
Perhaps 'twas for your going, yet I ſwear
I never was ſo mov'd, O *Guiſe*, as now;
Juſt as you enter'd, when from yonder Window
I ſaw the King.
Guiſe. Woman, all over Woman.
The World confeſſes, Madam, *Henry*'s Form
Is Noble and Majeſtick.
Mar. O you grudge
The extorted Praiſe, and ſpeak him but by halfs.
Guiſe. Prieſt, *Corſo*, Devils! how ſhe carries it!
Mar. I ſee, my Lord, you are come to take your leave;
And were it no to give the Court Suſpicion,
I would oblige you, Sir, before you go,
To lead me to the King.

Guiſe.

Guiſe. Death and the Devil!

Mar. But ſince that cannot be, I'le take my leave
Of you, my Lord, Heav'n grant your Journey ſafe.
Farewel once more. Not ſtir? Does this become you?
Does your Ambition ſwell into your Eyes?
Jealouſie by this Light: Nay then, proud *Guiſe*,
I tell you, you're not worthy of the Grace,
But I will carry't, Sir, to thoſe that are,
And leave you to the Curſe of Boſom-War. [*Exit.*

May. Is this the Heavenly?

Guiſe. Devil, Devil, as they are all;
'Tis true, at firſt ſhe caught the Heav'nly Form,
But now Ambition ſets her on her Head,
By Hell, I ſee the Cloven Mark upon her:
Ha! *Grillon* here! ſome New Court-Trick upon me.

Enter Grillon.

Grill. Sir, I have buſineſs for your Ear.

Guiſe. Retire. [*Exeunt his Followers.*

Grill. The King, my Lord, commanded me to wait you,
And bid you welcome to the Court.

Guiſe. The King
Still loads me with New Honours, but none greater
Than this the laſt.

Grill. There is one greater yet,
Your High Commiſſion againſt the *Hugonots*;
I and my Family ſhall ſhortly wait you,
And 'twill be Glorious Work.

Guiſe. If you are there,
There muſt be Action.

Grill. O, your Pardon, Sir,
I'm but a Stripling in the Trade of War;
But you, whoſe Life is one continued Broyl,
What will not your triumphant Arms accompliſh!
You, that were form'd for Maſtery in War,
That, with a ſtart, cry'd to your Brother *Mayenne*,
To Horſe, and ſlaughther'd forty thouſand *Germans*.

Guiſe. Let me beſeech you, Colonel, no more.

Grill. But, Sir, ſince I muſt make at leaſt a Figure
In this great Buſineſs, let me underſtand
What 'tis you mean, and why you force the King
Upon ſo dangerous an Expedition.

Guiſe. Sir, I intend the Greatneſs of the King,
The Greatneſs of all *France*, whom it imports
To make their Arms their Buſineſs, Aim, and Glory,
And where ſo proper, as upon thoſe Rebels

That

That cover'd all the State with Blood and Death?
Grill. Stor'd Arſenals and Armories, Fields of Horſe,
Ordnance, Munition, and the Nerve of War,
Sound Infantry, not Harraſs'd and Diſeas'd,
To meet the fierce *Navarre*, ſhould firſt be thought on.
Guiſe. I find, my Lord, the Argument grows warm,
Therefore, thus much, and I have done. I go
To joyn the Holy League in this great War,
In which no place of Office, or Command,
Not of the Greateſt, ſhall be bought or ſold;
Whereas too often Honours are Conferr'd
On Souldiers, and no Souldiers; this Man Knighted
Becauſe he Charg'd a Troop before his Dinner,
And ſculk'd behind a Hedg i'th' Afternoon:
I will have ſtrict Examination made
Betwixt the Meritorious and the Baſe.
Grill. You have Mouth'd it bravely, and there is no doubt
Your Deeds would anſwer well your haughty Words;
Yet let me tell you, Sir, there is a Man,
Curſe on the Hearts that hate him, that wou'd better,
Better than you, or all your puffy Race,
That better would become the Great Battalion;
That when he Shines in Arms, and Suns the Field,
Moves, Speaks, and Fights, and is himſelf a War.
Guiſe. Your Idol, Sir, you mean the Great *Navarre*;
But yet——
Grill. No Yet, my Lord of *Guiſe*, no Yet;
By Arms, I bar you that; I ſwear, No Yet;
For never was his like, nor ſhall again,
Tho' voted from his Right by your Curs'd League.
Guiſe. Judge not too raſhly of the Holy League,
But look at home.
Grill. Ha! dar'ſt thou juſtifie
Thoſe Villains?
Guiſe. I'le not juſtify a Villain
More than your ſelf; but if you thus proceed,
If every heated Breath can puff away,
On each ſurmiſe, the Lives of Free-born People,
What need that Awful General Convocation,
The Aſſembly of the States? Nay let me urge,
If thus they villifie the Holy League,
What may their Heads expect?
Grill. What, if I cou'd,
They ſhould be certain of, whole piles of Fire.
Guiſe. Collonel, 'tis very well I know your Mind,
Which without fear, or flattery to your Perſon,
I'le tell the King, and then, with his permiſſion,

Proclaim

Proclaim it for a warning to our people.
Grill. Come, you're a Murderer your ſelf within,
A Traytor.
Guiſe. Thou a——hot old Hair-brain'd Fool.
Grill. You were Complotter with the Curſed League,
The black Abettor of our *Harry*'s Death.
Guiſe. 'Tis falſe.
Grill. 'Tis true, as thou art double hearted:
Thou double Traytor, to Conſpire ſo baſely,
And when found out, more baſely to deny't.
Guiſe. O Gracious *Harry*, let me ſound thy Name,
Leſt this old ruſt of War, this knotty Trifler,
Should raiſe me to extreams.
Grill. If thou'rt a Man,
That did'ſt refuſe the Challenge of *Navarre*,
Come forth.
Guiſe. Go on, ſince thour't reſolv'd on Death,
I'le follow thee, and rid thy ſhaking Soul.

Enter King, Queen-Mother, Alphonſo, Abbot, *&c.*

But ſee, the King: I ſcorn to ruine thee,
Therefore go tell him, tell him thy own Story.
King. Ha, Colonel, is this your Friendly viſit?
Tell me the truth, how happen'd this diſorder?
Thoſe ruffl'd hands, red Looks, and port of Fury?
Grill. I told him, Sir, ſince you will have it ſo,
He was the Author of the Rebel League,
Therefore a Traytor, and a Murderer.
King. Is't poſſible?
Guiſe. No matter, Sir, no matter;
A few hot words, no more upon my Life;
The old Man rowz'd, and ſhook himſelf a little:
So if your Majeſty will do me Honour,
I do beſeech you let the buſineſs die.
King. Grillon, ſubmit your ſelf, and ask his pardon.
Grill. Pardon me, I cannot do't.
King. Where are the Guards?
Guiſe. Hold, Sir; come Colonel, I'le ask Pardon for you:
This Souldierly Embrace makes up the breach;
We will be ſorry, Sir, for one another.
Grill. My Lord, I know not what to anſwer you.
I'm friends, and I am not, and ſo farewell. *Exit.*
King. You have your Orders; yet before you go,
Take this Embrace: I court you for my Friend,
Tho' *Grillon* wou'd not.
Guiſe. I thank you on my Knees.

And ſtill while Life ſhall laſt, will take ſtrict care
To juſtifie my Loyalty to your Perſon. [*Exit.*
Q. M. Excellent Loyalty, to lock you up!
King. I ſee even to the bottom of his Soul:
And, Madam, I muſt ſay the *Guiſe* has Beauties,
But they are ſet in Night, and foul Deſign:
He was my Friend when young, and might be ſtill.
Abbot. Mark'd you his hollow accents at the parting?
Q. M. Graves in his Smiles.
King. Death in his bloodleſs Hands.
O *Marmoutiere!* now I will haſte to meet thee;
The Face of Beauty, on this riſing Horrour,
Looks like the midnight Moon upon a murder;
It gilds the dark deſign that ſtays for Fate,
And drives the Shades that thicken from the State.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Grillon *and* Polin.

Gril. HAve then this Pious Council of Sixteen
Scented your late Diſcovery of the Plot?
Pol. Not as from me, for ſtill I kennel with them,
And bark as loud as the moſt deep-mouth'd Traytor,
Againſt the King, his Government and Laws;
Whereon immediately there runs a Cry
Of, Seize him on the next Proceſſion, ſeize him,
And clap the *Chilperick* in a Monaſtry;
Thus it was fixt, as I before diſcover'd:
But when, againſt his Cuſtom, they perceiv'd
The King abſented, ſtraight the Rebels met,
And roar'd, they were undone.
Grill. O, 'tis like 'em,
'Tis like their Mungrel Souls; fleſh 'em with Fortune,
And they will worry Royalty to Death:
But if ſome crabbed Virtue turn and pinch 'em,
Mark me, they'l run, and yelp, and clap their Tails,
Like Curs, betwixt their Legs, and howl for mercy.
Pol. But *Malicorn*, ſagacious on the point,
Cry'd, Call the Sheriffs, and bid 'em arm their Bands;
Add yet to this, to raiſe you above hope,
The *Guiſe* my Maſter will be here to day,
For, on bare gueſs of what has been reveal'd,
He wing'd a Meſſenger to give him notice;

Yet

Yet ſpight of all this Factor of the Fiends
Cou'd urge, they ſlunk their Heads like Hinds in Storms:
But ſee, they come.

Enter Sheriffs with the Populace.

Grill. Away, I'le have among'ſt 'em;
Fly to the King, warn him of *Guiſe*'s coming,
That he may ſtraight diſpatch his ſtrict Commands
To ſtop him.
1 *Sher.* Nay, this is Colonel *Grillon*,
The Blunderbuſs o'th' Court, away, away,
He carries Ammunition in his face.
Grill. Hark you, my Friends, if you are not in haſte,
Becauſe you are the Pillars of the City,
I wou'd inform you of a General Ruine.
2 *Sher.* Ruine to the City! marry, Heaven forbid!
Grill. Amen, I ſay; for look you, I'm your friend:
'Tis blown about you've plotted on the King,
To ſeize him, if not kill him; for who knows,
When once your Conſcience yields, how far 'twill ſtretch;
Next, quite to daſh your firmeſt hopes in pieces,
The Duke of *Guiſe* is dead.
1 *Sher.* Dead, Colonel!
2 *Sher.* Undone, undone!
Grill. The world cannot redeem you;
For what, Sirs, if the King, provok'd at laſt,
Should joyn the *Spaniard*, and ſhould fire your City,
Paris your Head, but a moſt Venomous one,
Which muſt be blooded?
1 *Sher.* Blooded, Colonel!
Grill. Ay, blooded, thou moſt infamous Magiſtrate,
Or you will blood the King, and burn the *Louvre*,
But e're that be, fall million miſcreant Souls,
Such Earth-born minds as yours; for mark me, Slaves,
Did you not Ages paſt conſign your Lives,
Liberties, Fortunes to Imperial hands,
Made 'em the Guardians of your ſickly years,
And now you are grown up to a Boobies Greatneſs,
What, wou'd you reſt the Scepter from his Hand?
Now, by the Majeſty of Kings I ſwear,
You ſhall as ſoon be ſav'd for packing Juries.
1 *Sher.* Why, Sir, mayn't Citizens be ſav'd?
Grill. Yes, Sir,
From drowning, to be hang'd, burnt, broke o'th' wheel.
1 *Sher.* Colonel, you ſpeak us plain.
Grill. A Plague confound you,

Why ſhould I not? what is there in ſuch Raſcals
Should make me hide my Thought, or hold my tongue?
Now, in the Devils Name, what make you here,
Dawbing the inſide of the Court like Snails,
Sliming our Walls, and pricking out your Horns?
To hear, I warrant, what the King's a doing,
And what the Cabinet-Council, then to th' City
To ſpread your monſtrous Lyes, and ſow Sedition?
Wild-fire choak you.

1. *Sher.* Well, we'll think of this,
And ſo we take our leaves.

Grill. Nay, ſtay, my Maſters;
For I'm a thinking now juſt whereabouts
Grow the two talleſt Trees in *Arden* Foreſt.

1. *Sher.* For what, pray Colonel, if we may be ſo bold?

Grill. Why to hang you upon the higheſt Branches;
Fore-God it will be ſo; and I ſhall laugh
To ſee you dangling to and fro i'th' Air,
With the honeſt Crows pecking your Traytors Limbs.

All. Good Colonel!

Grill. Good Rats, my precious Vermin,
You moving Dirt, you rank ſtark Muck o'th' World,
You Oven-Bats, you things ſo far from Souls,
Like Dog's you're out of Providence's reach,
And only fit for hanging; but be gone,
And think of Plunder—— You right Elder Sheriff,
Who Carv'd our *Henry*'s Image on a Table,
At your Club-Feaſt, and after ſtabb'd it through?

1. *Sher.* Mercy, good Colonel.–

Grill. Run with your Noſe to Earth,
Run Blood-hound, run, and ſcent out Royal Murder.
You ſecond Rogue, but equal to the firſt,
Plunder, go hang, nay take your tackling with you,
For theſe ſhall hold you faſt, your Slaves ſhall hang you
To the mid Region in the Sun: { *Exeunt Sheriffs,*
Plunder, be gone Vipers, Aſps, and Adders. { *and People.*

Enter Malicorn.

Ha, but here comes a Fiend that ſcars above,
A Prince o'th' Air, that ſets the Mud a moving.

Mal. Clonel, a word.

Grill. I hold no ſpeech with Villains.

Mal. But, Sir, it may concern your Fame and Safety.

Grill. No matter, I had rather die traduc'd,
Than live by ſuch a Villains help as thine.

Mal. Hate then the Traytor, but yet love the Treaſon.

Grill.

Grill. Why, are not you a Villain?
Mal. 'Tis confeſs'd.
Grill. Then in the Name of all thy Brother Devils,
What woud'ſt thou have with me?
Mal. I know you're honeſt,
Therefore it is my buſineſs to diſturb you.
Grill. Fore God I'le beat thee, if thou urge me farther.
Mal. Why tho' you ſhou'd, yet if you hear me after,
The pleaſure I ſhall take in your Vexation,
Will heal my Bruiſes.
Grill. Wert thou a definite Rogue,
I'faith, I think that I ſhould give thee hearing;
But ſuch a boundleſs Villany as thine,
Admits no Patience.
Mal. Your Niece is come to Court,
And yields her Honour to our *Henry*'s Bed.
Grill. Thou ly'ſt, damn'd Villain. [*Strikes him.*
Mal. So, this I look'd for:
But yet I ſwear by Hell, and my Revenge,
'Tis true as you have wrong'd me.
Grill. Wrong'd thee, Villain!
And name Revenge! O wer't thou *Grillon*'s Match,
And worthy of my Sword, I ſwear by this
One had been paſt an Oath; but thou'rt a Worm,
And if I tread thee dar'ſt not turn again.
Mal. 'Tis falſe, I dare like you, but cannot act;
There is no force in this Enervate Arm.
Blaſted I was e're born, Curſe on my Stars,
Got by ſome dotard in his pithleſs Years,
And ſent a wither'd Saplin to the World.
Yet, I've Brain, and there is is my Revenge;
Therefore I ſay agen theſe Eyes have ſeen
Thy Blood at Court bright as a Summers Morn,
When all the Heaven is ſtreak'd with dappl'd Fires,
And fleck'd with Bluſhes like a rifl'd Maid;
Nay, by the Gleamy Fires that melted from her
Faſt Sighs and Smiles, ſwoln Lips and heaving Breaſts,
My Soul preſages *Henry* has enjoy'd her.
Grill. Again thou ly'ſt; and I will crumble thee,
Thou bottl'd Spider, into thy Primitive Earth,
Unleſs thou ſwear thy very Thought's a Lye.
Mal. I ſtand in Adamant, and thus defie thee;
Nay draw, and with the edge betwixt my Lips,
Even while thou rak'ſt it through my Teeth, I'le ſwear
All I have ſaid is true, as thou art honeſt,
Or I a Villain.
Grill. Damn'd infamous Wretch,

So much below my ſcorn, I dare not kill thee:
And yet ſo much my hate, that I muſt fear thee.
For ſhould it be as thou haſt ſaid, not all
The Trophies of my Lawrell'd Honeſty
Shou'd bar me from forſaking this bad World,
And never draw my Sword for *Henry* more.
Mal. Ha, 'tis well, and now I am Reveng'd.
I was in hopes thou would'ſt have utter'd Treaſon,
And forfeited thy Head to pay me fully.
Grill. Haſt thou Compacted for a Leaſe of Years
With Hell, that thus thou ventur'ſt to provoke me?
Mal. Perhaps I have: (How right the Blockhead hits.)
Yet more to rack thy Heart, and break thy Brain,
Thy Niece has been before the *Guiſe*'s Miſtreſs.
Grill. Hell-hound, avant.
Mal. Forgive my honeſt meaning. [*Exit.*
Grill. 'Tis hatch'd beneath, a Plot upon mine Honour,
And thus he lays his Baits to catch my Soul:
Ha! but the Preſence Opens, who comes here!
By Heaven my Niece, led by *Alphonſo Corſo!*
Ha, *Malicorn* is't poſſible, Truth from thee!
'Tis plain, and I in Juſtifying Woman
Have done the Devil wrong.
Alph. Madam, the King,
Pleaſe you to ſit, will inſtantly attend you.
Grill. Death, Hell, and Furies! ha, ſhe comes to ſeek him;
O Proſtitute, and on her prodigal Fleſh
She has laviſh'd all the Diamonds of the *Guiſe*
To ſet her off, and ſell her to the King.
Mar. O Heavens! did ever Virgin yet attempt
An Enterpriſe like mine? I that reſolv'd
Never to leave thoſe dear delightful Shades,
But act the little part that Nature gave me,
On the Green Carpets of ſome guiltleſs Grove,
And having finiſh'd it forſake the World,
Unleſs ſometimes my Heart might entertain
Some ſmall remembrance of the taking *Guiſe:*
But that far, far from any darkning Thought,
To Cloud my Honour, or Eclipſe my Virtue.
Grill. Thou ly'ſt, and if thou hadſt not glanc'd aſide,
And ſpy'd me coming, I had had it all.
Mar. By Heaven, by all that's good———
Grill. Thou haſt loſt thy Honour,
Give me thy Hand, this Hand by which I caught thee
From the bold Ruffian in the Maſſcre,
That would have ſtain'd thy almoſt Infant Honour,
With Luſt, and Blood, doſt thou remember it?

Mar.

Mar. I do, and bleſs the Godlike Arm that ſav'd me.
Grill. 'Tis falſe, thou haſt forgot my generous action;
And now thou laugh'ſt to think how thou haſt cheated,
For all his kindneſs, this old griſl'd Fool.
Mar. Forbid it Heav'n!
Grill. But oh that thou hadſt dy'd
Ten thouſand Deaths, e're blaſted *Grillon*'s Glory,
Grillon that ſav'd thee from a barbarous World,
Where thou hadſt ſtarv'd, or ſold thy ſelf for Bread,
Took thee into his Boſom, foſter'd thee
As his own Soul, and lap'd thee in his *Heart-ſtrings*;
And now for all my Care, to ſerve me thus!
O 'tis too much ye Powers! double Confuſion
On all my Wars; and oh, out, ſhame upon thee,
It wrings the *Tears* from *Grillon*'s *Iron Heart*,
And melts me to a *Babe*.
Mar. Sir, Father, hear me;
I come to Court, to ſave the Life of *Guiſe*.
Grill. And proſtitue thy Honour to the King.
Mar. I have look'd, perhaps, too nicely for my Sex,
Into the dark Affairs of fatal State;
And to advance this dangerous Inquiſition,
I liſtn'd to the Love of daring *Guiſe*.
Grill. By Arms, by Honeſty, I ſwear thou lov'ſt him.
Mar. By Heav'n that gave thoſe Arms ſucceſs, I ſwear
I do not, as you think, but take it all.
I've heard the *Guiſe*, not with an Angels temper,
Something beyond the tenderneſs of pity,
And yet, not Love.
Now, by the Powers that fram'd me, this is all;
Nor ſhould the World have wrought this cloſe Confeſſion,
But to rebate your jealouſie of Honour.
Grill. I know not what to ſay, nor what to think;
There's Heaven ſtill in thy Voice, but that's a Sign
Virtue's departing, for thy better Angel
Still makes the Womans Tongue his riſing Ground,
Wags there a while, and takes his flight for ever.
Mar. You muſt not go.
Grill. Tho' I have Reaſon plain
As day, to judge thee falſe, I think thee true:
By Heav'n, methinks I ſee a Glory round thee;
There's ſomething ſays thou wilt not loſe thy Honour:
Death, and the Devil, that's my own Honeſty:
My fooliſh open Nature, that would have
All like my ſelf; but off; I'le hence and Curſe thee.
Mar. O ſtay!
Grill. I wo'n not.

Mar.

Mar. Hark, the King's a coming.
Let me conjure you, for your own Souls quiet,
And for the everlatting reſt of mine,
Stir not till you have heard my Hearts deſign.
Grill. Angel, or Devil, I will—— nay, at this rate
She'll make me ſhortly bring him to her Bed,
Bawd for him? No, he ſhall make me run my Head
Into a Cannon, when 'tis Firing, firſt.
That's Honourable ſport, but I'll retire,
And if ſhe plays me falſe, here's that ſhall mend her.
[Marmoutiere *Sits. Song and Dance.*

Enter the King.

King. After the breathing of a Love-ſick Heart,
Upon your Hand, once more, nay twice, forgive me.
Mar. I diſcompoſe you, Sir.
King. Thou doſt, by Heaven;
But with ſuch Charming pleaſure,
I love, and tremble, as at Angels view.
Mar. Love me, my Lord?
King. Who ſhou'd be lov'd, but you?
So lov'd, that even my Crown, and ſelf are vile,
While you are by, try me upon deſpair;
My Kingdom at the ſtake, Ambition ſtarv'd;
Revenge forgot, and all great Appetites
That whet uncommon Spirits to aſpire,
So once a day I may have leave——
Nay, Madam, then you fear me.
Mar. Fear you, Sir, what is there dreadful in you?
You've all the Graces that can Crown Mankind:
Yet wear 'em ſo, as if you did not know 'em:
So ſtainleſs, fearleſs, free in all your actions,
As if Heaven lent you to the World to Pattern
King. Madam, I find your no Petitioner;
My People would not treat me in this ſort;
Tho' 'twere to gain a part of their Deſign:
But to the *Guiſe* they deal their faithleſs Praiſe
As faſt, as you your Flattery to me;
Tho' for what end I cannot gueſs, except
You come, like them, to mock at my Misfortunes.
Mar. Forgive you, Heav'n! that thought: no, mighty Monarch,
The Love of all the Good, and Wonder of the Great;
I ſwear, by Heaven, my Heart adores, and loves you.
King. O, Madam, riſe.
Mar. Nay, were you, Sir, unthron'd
By this Seditions Rout that dare deſpiſe you;

Blaſt all my days, ye Powers, torment my Nights;
Nay, let the Miſery invade my Sex,
That cou'd not for the Royal Cauſe like me,
Throw all their Luxury before your Feet,
And follow you like Pilgrims through the World.
Grill. Sound Wind and Limb, fore God a gallant Girl. [*Aſide.*
King. What ſhall I anſwer to thee, O thou Balm
To heal a broken, yet a Kingly Heart;
For, ſo I ſwear I will be to my Laſt:
Come to my Arms, and be thy *Harry*'s Angel,
Shine through my Cares, and make my Crown ſit eaſie.
Mar. O never, Sir.
King. What ſaid you, *Marmoutiere*?
Why doſt thou turn thy Beauties into Frowns?
Mar. You know, Sir, 'tis impoſſible, no more.
King. No more—— and with that ſtern reſolv'd behaviour.
By Heaven, were I a dying, and the Prieſt
Shou'd urge my laſt Confeſſion, I'd cry out,
Oh *Marmoutiere*, and yet thou ſay'ſt, no more.
Mar. 'Tis well, Sir, I have loſt my aim, farewel.
King. Come back, O ſtay, my Life flows after you.
Mar. No, Sir, I find I am a trouble to you,
You will not hear my Suit.
King. You cannot go,
You ſhannot—— O your ſuit, I kneel to grant it,
I beg you take whatever you demand.
Mar. Then, Sir, thus low, or proſtrate, if you pleaſe,
Let me intreat for *Guiſe*.
King. Ha, Madam, what!
For *Guiſe*! for *Guiſe*! that ſtubborn arrogant Rebel,
That laughs at proffer'd Mercy, ſlights his Pardon,
Mocks Royal Grace, and plots upon my Life:
Ha! and do you protect him? then the World
Is ſworn to *Henry*'s Death: does Beauty too,
And Innocence it ſelf, conſpire againſt me?
Then let me tamely yield my Glories up,
Which once I vow'd with my drawn Sword to wear
To my laſt drop of Blood? Come, *Guiſe*, come Cardinal,
All you lov'd Traytors, come——I ſtrip to meet you;
Sheath all your Daggers in Curſt *Henry*'s Heart.
Mar. This I expected, but when you have heard
How far I would intreat your Majeſty,
Perhaps you'l be more Calm.
King. See, I'm huſh'd;
Speak then, how far, Madam, wou'd you Command?
Mar. Not to proceed to laſt Extremities,
Before the Wound is deſperate, think alone,

For no man Judges like your Majeſty,
Take your own Methods, all the heads of *France*
Cannot ſo well adviſe you, as your ſelf:
Therefore reſume, my Lord, your Godlike temper,
Yet do not bear more than a Monarch ſhould:
Believe it, Sir, the more your Majeſty
Draws back your Arm, the more of Fate it carries.

King. Thou Genius of my State, thou perfect model
Of Heaven it ſelf, an abſtract of the Angels,
Forgive the late diſturbance of my Soul,
I'm clear by Nature, as a Rockleſs Stream,
But they dig through the Gravel of my Heart;
Therefore let me conjure you do not go;
'Tis ſaid the *Guiſe* will come in ſpight of me;
Suppoſe it poſſible, and ſtay to adviſe me.

Mar. I will, but on your Royal Word, no more.

King. I will be eaſie
To my laſt gaſp, as your own Virgin Thoughts,
And never dare to breathe my paſſion more;
Yet you'll allow me now and then to Sigh
As we diſcourſe, and Court you with my Eyes.

Enter Alphonſo.

Why do you wave your hand,
And warn me hence?
So looks the poor Condemn'd,
When Juſtice beck'ns, there's no hope of Pardon.
Sternly, like you, the Judge his Victim eyes,
And thus, like me, the Wretch deſpairing dies. [*Exit with* Alph.

Enter Grillon.

Grill. O Rare, rare Creature, by the Power that made me:
Wer't poſſible we cou'd be damn'd again,
By ſome new *Eve*, ſuch Virtue might relieve us;
O I cou'd claſp thee, but that my Arms are rough,
Till all thy Sweets were broke with my Embraces,
And kiſs thy Beauties to a diſſolution.

Mar. Ah Father, Uncle, Brother, all the Kin,
The precious Blood that's left me in the World,
Believe, dear Sir, whate're my actions ſeem,
I will not loſe my Virtue for a Throne.

Grill. Why, I will Carve thee out a Throne my ſelf;
I'le hew down all the Common-wealths in *Chriſtendom*,
And ſeat thee on their Necks, as high as Heaven.

Enter

Enter Abbot Delbene.

Abb. Colonel, your Ear.
Mar. By theſe whiſpering Councils,
My Soul preſages that the *Guiſe* is coming:
If he dares come, were I a Man, a King,
I'd ſacrifice him in the City's ſight.
O Heavens! what was't I ſaid? Were I a Man,
I know not that, but as I am a Virgin,
If I wou'd offer thee, too lovely *Guiſe*,
It ſhou'd be kneeling to the Throne for mercy.
Ha! then thou lov'ſt, that thou art thus concern'd,
Down, riſing miſchief down, or I will kill thee,
Even in thy Cauſe, and ſtrangle new born pity:
Yet, if he were not married! ha, what then?
His Charms prevail; no, let the Rebel dye.
I faint beneath this ſtrong oppreſſion here,
Reaſon and Love rend my divided Soul,
Heav'n be the Judge, and ſtill let Virtue Conquer;
Love to his Tune my jarring Heart wou'd bring,
But Reaſon over-winds and Cracks the String. [*Exit.*
Abb. The King diſpatches Order upon Order,
With poſitive Command to ſtop his coming.
Yet there is notice given to the City;
Beſides *Bellieure* brought but a half account,
How that the *Guiſe* reply'd he would obey
His Majeſty in all, yet if he might
Have leave to juſtify himſelf before him,
He doubted not his Cauſe.
Grill. The Ax, the Ax,
Rebellion's pamper'd to a Plurifie,
And it muſt bleed. [*Shout within.*
Abbot. Hark, what a ſhout was there!
I'le to the King, it may be 'tis reported
On purpoſe thus.
Let there be Truth or Lies
In this mad Fame, I'le bring you inſtant word. [*Exit* Abbot.

Manet Grillon: *Enter* Guiſe, Cardinal, Mayen, Malicorn, *Attendants*, &c. *Shouts again.*

Grill. Death, and thou Devil, *Malicorn*, is that
Thy Maſter?
Guiſe. Yes, *Grillon*, 'tis the *Guiſe*,
One that wou'd Court you for a Friend.
Grill. A Friend,

Traytor, thou mean'ſt, and ſo I bid thee welcome;
But ſince thou art ſo inſolent, thy blood
Be on thy Head, and fall by me unpitied. [*Exit.*
Guiſe. The bruiſes of his Loyalty have craz'd him. [*Shouts louder.*

Spirit within Sings.

Malicorn, Malicorn, Malicorn, *ho!*
If the Guiſe *reſolves to go,*
I charge, I warn thee let him know,
Perhaps his head may lye too low.

Guiſe. Why, *Malicorn?*
Mal. [*ſtarting.*] Sir, do not ſee the King.
Guiſe. I will.
Mal. 'Tis dangerous.
Guiſe. Therefore I will ſee him,
And ſo report my danger to the People.
Halt to your Judgment, let him, if he dare;
But more, more, more, why, *Malicorn*, again?
I thought a look with us had been a Language;
I'le talk my mind on any point but this
By Glances; ha, not yet, thou makeſt me bluſh
At thy delay; why, Man, 'tis more than Life,
Ambition, or a Crown.
Mal. What, *Marmoutiere!*
Guiſe. Ay, there a Generals Heart beat like a Drum,
Quick, quick, my Reins, my Back, and Head and Breaſt,
Ake, as I'de been a Horſe-back forty hours.
Mal. She has ſeen the King.
Guiſe. I thought ſhe might. A trick upon me, well.
Mal. Paſſion o' both ſides.
Guiſe. His thou meaneſt.
Mal. On hers.
Down on her Knees.
Guiſe. And up again, no matter.
Mal. Now all in Tears, now ſmiling, ſad at parting.
Guiſe. Diſſembl'd, for ſhe told me this before,
'Twas all put on that I might hear and rave.
Mal. And ſo, to make ſure work on't, by Conſent
Of *Grillon*, who is made their Bawd.
Guiſe. Away.
Mal. She's lodg'd at Court.
Guiſe. 'Tis falſe, they do belye her.
Mal. But, Sir, I ſaw the Apartment.
Guiſe. What, at Court?
Mal. At Court, and near the King, 'tis true by Heaven.

I never

I never play'd you foul, why ſhould you doubt me?
Guiſe. I wou'd thou hadſt, e're thus unmann'd my Heart,
Blood, Battles, Fire, and Death, I run, I run.
With this laſt blow, he drives me like a Coward;
Nay, let me never win a Field again,
If with the thought of theſe irregular Vapours,
The blood han't burſt my Lips.
Card. Peace, Brother.
Guiſe. By Heaven, I took thee for my Souls Phyſitian,
And doſt thou vomit me with this loath'd peace?
'Tis contradiction; no, my peaceful Brother,
I'le meet him now, tho' Fire, arm'd Cherubins
Shou'd croſs my way, O Jealouſie of Love!
Greater than Fame; thou eldeſt of the paſſions,
Or rather, all in one, I here invoke thee,
Where e're thou'rt Thron'd in Air, in Earth, or Hell,
Wing me to my Revenge, to Blood, and Ruin.
Card. Have you no temper?
Guiſe. Pray, Sir, give me leave,
A moments thought; ha, but I ſweat and tremble,
My Brain runs this and that way, twill not fix
On ought but vengeance, *Malicorn*; call the People,

[*Shouts within.*

But hark, they ſhout again, I'le on and meet 'em,
Nay, head 'em to his Palace as my Guards;
Yet more, on ſuch exalted Cauſes born,
I'le wait him in his Cabinet alone,
And look him pale, while in his Courts without,
The People ſhout him dead with their alarms,
And make his Miſtreſs tremble in his Arms.. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *the Third.*

Enter King and Council.

[*Shouts without.*

King. What mean theſe Shouts?
Abb. I told your Majeſty,
The Sheriffs have puff'd the Populace with hopes
Of their Deliverer. [*Shouts again.*
King. Hark, there rung a Peal
Like Thunder; ſee, *Alphonſo*, what's the Cauſe.

Enter Grillon.

Grill. My Lord, the *Guiſe* is come.

King.

King. Is't poſſible! ha, *Grillon*, ſaid'ſt thou, come?
Grill. Why droops the Royal Majeſty? O Sir——
King. O Villain, Slave, wert thou my late born Heir,
Giv'n me by Heav'n, ev'n when I lay a dying;
But peace, thou feſtring thought, and hide thy wound;
Where is he?
Grill. With her Majeſty, your Mother;
She has tak'n Chair, and he walks bowing by her,
With thirty thouſand Rebels at his Heels.
King. What's to be done? No pall upon my Spirit;
But he that loves me beſt, and dares the moſt
On this nice point of Empire, let him ſpeak.
Alph. I would adviſe you, Sir, to call him in,
And kill him inſtantly upon the Spot.
Abb. I like *Alphonſo*'s Counſel, ſhort, ſure Work,
Cut off the Head, and let the Body walk.

Enter Queen-Mother.

Q. M. Sir, the *Guiſe* waits.
King. He enters on his Fate.
Q. M. Not ſo, forbear, the City's up in Arms;
Nor doubt, if in their heat you cut him off,
That they will ſpare the Royal Majeſty.
Once, Sir, let me adviſe, and rule your Fury.
King. You ſhall, I'le ſee him, and I'le ſpare him now.
Q. M. What will you ſay?
King. I know not;
Colonel *Grillon*, call the Archers in,
Double your Guard, and ſtrictly charge the *Swits*
Stand to their Arms, receive him as a Traytor. [*Exit* Grill.
My Heart has ſet thee down, O *Guiſe*, in Blood,
Blood, Mother, Blood, ne're to be blotted out.
Q. M. Yet you'l relent, when this hot fit is over.
King. If I forgive him, may I ne're be forgiv'n;
No, if I tamely bear ſuch inſolence;
What act of Treaſon will the Villains ſtop at?
Seize me, they've ſworn, Impriſon me's the next,
Perhaps Arraign me, and then doom me dead;
But e're I ſuffer that, fall all together,
Or rather, on ſlaughter'd Heaps erect
Thy Throne, and then proclaim it for Example,
I'm born a Monarch; which implies alone
To wield the Scepter, and depend on none. [*Exeunt.*

The End of the Third ACT.

ACT.

ACT IV.

SCENE *The Louvre.*

A Chair of State plac'd; the King appears ſitting in it; a Table by him, on which he leans; Attendants on each ſide of them: amongſt the reſt, Abbot, Grillon, *and* Bellieure. *The* Queen-Mother *enters led by the Duke of* Guiſe, *who makes his approach with three Reverences to the King's Chair; after the third, the King riſes, and coming forward, ſpeaks.*

King. I Sent you word you ſhould not come.
Guiſe. Sir that I came———
King. Why, that you came I ſee.
Once more I ſent you word, you ſhould not come.
Guiſe. Not come to throw my ſelf with all ſubmiſſion,
Beneath your Royal Feet, to put my Cauſe
And Perſon in the Hands of Soveraign Juſtice!
King. Now 'tis with all ſubmiſſion, that's the Preface,
Yet ſtill you came againſt my ſtrict Command,
You diſobey'd me, *Duke*, with all ſubmiſſion.
Guiſe. Sir, it was the laſt neceſſity that drove me
To clear my ſelf of Calumnies, and Slanders,
Much urg'd, but never prov'd againſt my Innocence;
Yet had I known it was your expreſs Command,
I ſhou'd not have approach'd.
King. 'Twas as expreſs, as words could ſignifie;
Stand forth *Bellieure*, it ſhall be prov'd you knew it,
Stand forth, and to this falſe Mans Face declare
Your Meſſage, word for word.
Bell. Sir, thus it was, I met him on the way,
And plain as I could ſpeak, I gave your Orders,
Juſt in theſe following Words———
King. Enough, I know you told him;
But he has us'd me long to be contemn'd,
And I can ſtill be patient, and forgive.
Guiſe. And I can ask forgiveneſs when I err;
But let my Gracious Maſter, pleaſe to know
The true intent of my miſ-conſtru'd Faith.
Should I not come to vindicate my Fame,
From wrong Conſtructions? And———
King. Come, Duke, you were not wrong'd your Conſcience knows,
You were not wrong'd, were you not plainly told,
That if you dar'd to ſet your Foot in *Paris*,

You ſhon'd be held the cauſe of all Commotions,
That ſhou'd from thence enſue, and yet you came.
Guiſe. Sir, will you pleaſe with patience but to hear me?
King. I will, and wou'd be glad, my Lord of *Guiſe*,
To clear you to my ſelf.
Guiſe. I had been told
There were in agitation here at Court,
Things of the higheſt note againſt Religion,
Againſt the common Properties of Subjects,
And Lives of honeſt well affected men;
I therefore judg'd.——
King. Then you it ſeems are judge
Betwixt the Prince and People, Judge for them,
And Champion againſt me?
Guiſe. I fear'd it might be repreſented ſo,
And came reſolv'd——
King. To head the factious Crowd.
Guiſe. To clear my Innocence.
King. The means for that,
Had been your abſence from this hot-brain'd Town——
Where you, not I, are King——
I feel my Blood kindling within my Veins,
The Genius of the Throne knocks at my Heart,
Come what may come, he dies.
Q. M. ſtopping the King. What mean you, Sir,
You tremble and look pale, for Heavens ſake think,
'Tis your own Life you venture, if you kill him.
King. Had I ten thouſand Lives, I'le venture all.
Give me way, Madam.
Q. M. Not to your deſtruction.
The whole *Pariſian* Herd is at your Gates;
A Crow'ds a Name too ſmall, they are a Nation,
Numberleſs, arm'd, enrag'd, one Soul informs 'em.
King. And that one Soul's the *Guiſe*, I'le rend it out,
And damn the Rabble all at once in him.
Guiſe. (aſide) My Fate is now i'th' Ballance, Fool within,
I thank thee for thy foreſight.
Q. M. Your Guards oppoſe 'em.
King. Why not? a Multitudes a Bulky Coward.
Q. M. By Heaven there are not Limbs in all your Guards,
For every one a Morſel.
King. Cæſar quell'd 'em,
But with a Look and Word.
Q. M. So *Galba* thought.
King. But *Galba* was not *Cæſar*.
Guiſe. I muſt not give 'em time for Reſolution. [*Aſide.*

My

My Journey, Sir, has diſcompos'd my Health. [*To the King.*
I humbly beg your leave I may retire,
Till your Commands re-call me to your Service. [*Exit* Guiſe.

Manet King, Queen Mother, Grillon, Abbot.

King. So you have counſell'd well, the Traytor's gone,
To mock the meekneſs of an injur'd King, [*To* Queen-Mother.
Why did not you, who gave me part of Life,
Infuſe my Father ſtronger in my Veins?
But when you kept me coop'd within your Womb,
you pall'd his generous Blood with the dull mixture
Of your *Italian* Food, and milk'd ſlow Arts
Of Womaniſh tameneſs in my Infant mouth,
Why ſtood I ſtupid elſe, and miſs'd a blow,
Which Heaven and daring folly made ſo fair.
Q. M. I ſtill maintain 'twas wiſely done to ſpare him.
Grill. A pox o'this unſeaſonable wiſdom;
He was a Fool to come; if ſo, then they
Who let him go, were ſomewhat.
King. The event, th' event will ſhew us what we were.
For like a blazing Meteor hence he ſhot,
And drew a ſweeping Fiery Train along.
O *Paris*, *Paris*, once my Seat of Triumph;
But now the Scene of all thy King's misfortunes,
Ungrateful, Perjured, and Diſloyal Town,
Which by my Royal Preſence I have warm'd
So long, that now the Serpent hiſſes out,
And ſhakes his forked Tongue at Majeſty.
While I——
Q. M. While you loſe time in idle talk,
And uſe no means for ſafety and prevention.
King. What can I do! O Mother, *Abbot*, *Grillon!*
All dumb! nay, then 'tis plain, my Cauſe is deſperate.
Such an o'er-whelming Ill makes Grief a Fool,
As if Redreſs were paſt.
Grill. I'll go to the next Sheriff,
And beg the firſt Reverſion of a Rope;
Diſpatch is all my buſineſs, I'll hang for you.
Abbot. 'Tis not ſo bad, as vainly you ſurmiſe;
Some ſpace there is, ſome little ſpace, ſome ſteps
Betwixt our Fate and us; our Foes are powerful,
But yet not Arm'd, nor Martiall'd into Order;
Believe it, Sir, the *Guiſe* will not attempt,
'Till he have rowl'd his Snow-ball to a heap.
King. So, then, my Lord, we are a day off from Death,
What ſhall to morrow do?

Abbot. To morrow, Sir,
If hours between ſlide not too idle by,
You may be Maſter of their Deſtiny,
Who now diſpoſe ſo loftily of yours.
Not far without the Suburbs there are quarter'd
Three thouſand *Swiſſe*, and two *French* Regiments.
King. Wou'd they were here, and I were at their head.
Q. M. Send Mareſchal *Byron* to lead 'em up.
King. It ſhall be ſo, by Heaven there's Life in this,
The wrack of Clouds is driving on the Winds,
And ſhows a break of Sun-ſhine.
Go, *Grillon*, give my Orders to *Byron*,
And ſee your Soldiers well diſpos'd within,
For ſafeguard of the *Louvre*.
Q. M. One thing more,
The *Guiſe* (his bus'neſs not yet fully ripe,)
Will treat at leaſt for ſhow of Loyalty;
Let him be met with the ſame Arts he brings.
King. I know, he'll make exorbitant Demands,
But here your part of me will come in play;
Th' *Italian* Soul ſhall teach me how to ſooth:
Even *Jove* muſt flatter with an empty hand,
'Tis time to thunder, when he gripes the Brand. [*Ex. Omnes.*

Enter Malicorn *ſolus.*
A Night SCENE.

Mal. Thus far the Cauſe of God: But God's or Devil's,
I mean my Maſter's Cauſe, and mine ſucceed:
What ſhall the *Guiſe* do next? [*A flaſh of Lightning.*

Enter the Spirit Melanax.

Mel. Firſt ſeize the King, and after murder him.
Mal. Officious Fiend, thou com'ſt uncall'd to Night.
Mel. Always uncall'd, and ſtill at hand for miſchief.
Mal. ——But why in this Fanatick Habit, Devil?
Thou look'ſt like one that preaches to the Crowd,
Goſpel is in thy Face, and outward Garb,
And Treaſon on thy Tongue.
Mel. Thou haſt me right,
Ten thouſand Devils more are in this Habit,
Saintſhip, and Zeal are ſtill our beſt diſguiſe:
We mix unknown with the hot thoughtleſs Crowd,
And quoting Scriptures, which too well we know,
With impious Gloſſes ban the holy Text,
And make it ſpeak Rebellion, Schiſm and Murder,
So turn the Arms of Heaven againſt it ſelf.

Mal.

Mal. What makes the Curate of St. *Euſtace* here?
Mel. Thou art miſtaken Maſter, 'tis not he,
But 'tis a zealous, godly, canting Devil,
Who has aſſum'd the Churchman's lucky ſhape,
To talk the Crowd to Madneſs and Rebellion.
Mal. O true Enthuſiaſtick Devil, true;
For lying is thy Nature, even to me:
Didſt thou not tell me, If my Lord the *Guiſe*
Enter'd the Court, his head ſhould then lie low?
That was a lye; he went, and is return'd.
Mel. 'Tis falſe; I ſaid, perhaps it ſhould lie low.
And, but I chill'd the blood in *Henry*'s veins,
And cram'd a thouſand ghaſtly, frightful Thoughts,
Nay, thruſt 'em foremoſt in his lab'ring Brain,
Even ſo it would have been.
Mal. Thou haſt deſerv'd me,
And I am thine, dear Devil; what do we next?
Mel. I ſaid, Firſt ſeize the King.
Mal. Suppoſe it done:
He's clapt within a Convent, ſhorn a Saint,
My Maſter mounts the Throne.
Mel. Not ſo faſt, *Malicorne*;
Thy Maſter mounts not, till the King be ſlain.
Mal. Not when depos'd.
Mel. He cannot be depos'd.
He may be kill'd, a violent Fate attends him;
But at his Birth there ſhone a Regal Star.
Mal. My Maſter had a ſtronger.
Mel. No, not a ſtronger, but more popular.
Their Births were full oppos'd, the *Guiſe* now ſtrongeſt;
But if th'ill Influence paſs o'er *Harry*'s Head,
As in a year it will, *France* ne'er ſhall boaſt
A greater King than he; now cut him off,
While yet his Stars are weak.
Mal. Thou talk'ſt of Stars:
Canſt thou not ſee more deep into Events,
And by a ſurer way?
Mel. No, *Malicorne*,
The ways of Heaven are broken ſince our Fall,
Gulph, beyond Gulph, and never to be ſhot:
Once we cou'd read our mighty Maker's mind,
As in a Chryſtal Mirror, ſee th' Idea's
Of things that always are, as he is always.
Now ſhut below in this dark Sphere,
By Second Cauſes dimly we may gueſs,
And peep far off on Heavens revolving Orbs,
Which caſt obſcure Reflections from the Throne.

Mal. Then tell me thy Surmiſes of the future.
Mel. I took the Revolution of the Year,
Juſt when the Sun was entering the Ram:
Th' aſcending Scorpion poyſon'd all the Sky,
A ſign of deep deceit and treachery.
Full on his Cuſp his angry Maſter ſate,
Conjoyn'd with Saturn, baleful both to Man:
Of ſecret Slaughters, Empires overturn'd,
Strife, Blood, and Maſſacres expect to hear,
And all th' Events of an ill-omen'd Year.
Mal. Then flouriſh Hell, and mighty Miſchief reign,
Miſchief to ſome, to others muſt be good;
But hark, for now tho' 'tis the dead of Night,
When ſilence broods upon our darkned World;
Methinks I hear a murmuring hollow ſound,
Like the deaf Chimes of Bells in Steeples touch'd.
Mel. 'Tis truly gueſs'd:
But know, 'tis from no nightly Sexton's hand,
There's not a damned Ghoſt, nor hell-born Fiend,
That can from Limbo ſcape, but hither flies,
With leathern Wings they beat the dusky Skies.
To ſacred Churches all in Swarms repair,
Some crowd the Spires, but moſt the hallow'd Bells,
And ſoftly Toll for Souls departing Knells,
Each Chime thou hear'ſt, a future death foretells.
Now there they perch to have 'em in their Eyes,
Till all go loaded to the Neather Skies.
Mal. To morrow then.
Mel To morrow let it be:
Or thou deceiv'ſt thoſe hungry, gaping Fiends,
And *Beelzebub* will rage.
Mal. Why *Beelzebub?* haſt thou not often ſaid,
That *Lucifer*'s your King?
Mel. I told thee true:
But *Lucifer*, as he who foremoſt fell,
So now lies loweſt in th' Abyſs of Hell.
Chain'd till the dreadful Doom, in place of whom
Sits *Beelzebub*, Viceg rent of the dam'd,
Who liſtning downward hears his roaring Lord,
And executes his purpoſe, but no more,
The morning creeps behind your Eaſtern hill;
And now the Guard is mine, to drive the Elves
And fooliſh Fairies from their Moon-light Play,
And laſh the Laggers from the ſight of day. [*Deſcends.*

Enter Guiſe, Mayenne, *Cardinal, and Archbiſhop.*

May. Sullen, methinks, and ſlow the morning breaks,

As

As if the Sun were liſtleſs to appear,
And dark deſigns hung heavy on the day.
Guiſe. Y'are an old Man too ſoon, y'are ſuperſtitious,
I'll truſt my Stars, I know 'em now by proof,
The Genius of the King bends under mine,
Inviron'd with his Guards, he durſt not touch me;
But aw'd and craven'd as he had been ſpell'd,
Would have pronounc'd, Go kill the *Guiſe*, and durſt not.
Card. We have him in our power, coopt in his Court,
Who leads the firſt Attack? Now by yond Heaven——
That bluſhes at my Scarlet Robes, I'll d'off
This Womaniſh Attire of Godly Peace,
And cry, Lie there, Lord Cardinal of *Guiſe*.
Guiſe. As much too hot, as *Mayenne* coo cool,
But 'tis the manlier fault o'th' two.
Biſhop. Have you not heard the King, preventing day,
Receiv'd the Guards into the City Gates,
The jolly *Swiſſes* marching to their Fifes.
The Crowd ſtood gaping, heartleſs, and amaz'd,
Shrunk to their Shops, and left the paſſage free.
Guiſe. I would it ſhould be ſo, 'twas a good horror,
Firſt let 'em fear for Rapes, and ranſack Houſes;
That very fright when I appear to head 'em,
Will harden their ſoft City Courages:
Cold Burghers muſt be ſtruck, and ſtruck like Flints,
Ere their hid Fire will ſparkle.
Biſhop. I am glad the King has introduc'd theſe Guards.
Card. Your Reaſon.
Biſhop. They are too few for us to fear,
Our numbers in old martial Men are more,
The City not caſt in, but the pretence
That hither they are brought to bridle *Paris*,
Will make this riſing paſs for juſt defence.
May. Suppoſe the City ſhould not riſe.
Guiſe. Suppoſe as well the Sun ſhould never riſe:
He may not riſe, for Heaven may play a trick;
But he has riſen from *Adam*'s time to ours.
Is nothing to be left to Noble Hazard?
No Venture made, but all dull certainty;
By Heaven I'll tug with *Harry* for a Crown,
Rather then have it on tame terms of yielding.
I ſcorn to poach for Power.

Enter a Servant, who whiſpers Guiſe.

A Lady, ſay'ſt thou, Young, and Beautiful,
Brought in a Chair?

Conduct

Conduct her in——— [*Exit Serv.*

Card. You wou'd be left alone——

Guiſe. I wou'd: Retire.

Re-enter Servant with Marmoutier, *and Exit.*

Starting back. } Is't poſſible, I dare not truſt my Eyes:
You are not *Marmoutier*!

Mar. What am I then?

Guiſe. Why any thing but ſhe:
What ſhould the Miſtreſs of a King do here?

Mar. Find him, who wou'd be Maſter of a King.

Guiſe. I ſent not for you, Madam.

Mar. I think my Lord the King ſent not for you.

Guiſe. Do you not fear your Viſit will be known?

Mar. Fear is for guilty Men, Rebels, and Traytors;
Where-e'er I go, my Vertue is my Guard.

Guiſe. What Devil has ſent thee here to plague my Soul?
O that I cou'd deteſt thee now as much
As ever I have lov'd, nay, even as much
As yet in ſpite of all thy Crimes I love:
But 'tis a Love ſo mixt with dark Deſpair,
The Smoke and Soot ſmother the riſing Flame,
And make my Soul a Furnace: Woman, Woman,
What can I call thee more, if Devil 'twere leſs,
Sure thine's a Race was never got by *Adam*,
But *Eve* play'd falſe, engend'ring with the Serpent,
Her own part worſe than his.

Mar. Then they got Traytors.

Guiſe. Yes, Angel-Traytors, fit to ſhine in Palaces,
Fork'd into ills, and ſplit into deceits;
Two in their very frame; 'twas well, 'twas well,
I ſaw not thee at Court, thou Baſilisk;
For if I had, thoſe Eyes, without his Guards,
Had done the Tyrant's work.

Mar. Why then, it ſeems,
I was not falſe in all; I told you, *Guiſe*,
If you left *Paris*, I would go to Court:
You ſee I kept my Promiſe.

Guiſe. Still thy Sex:
Once true in all thy life, and that for miſchief.

Mar. Have I ſaid I lov'd you?

Guiſe. Stab on, Stab,
'Tis plain you love the King.

Mar. Nor him, nor you,
In that unlawful way you ſeem to mean.
My Eyes had once ſo far betray'd my Heart,

As

As to diſtinguiſh you from common Men,
What e'er you ſaid, or did, was Charming all.
Guiſe. But yet, it ſeems, you found a King more Charming.
Mar. I do not ſay more Charming, but more Noble,
More truly Royal, more a King in Soul,
Than you are now in wiſhes.
Guiſe. May be ſo:
But Love has oil'd your Tongue to run ſo glib,
Curſe on your Eloquence.
Mar. Curſe not that Eloquence, that ſav'd your Life:
For when your wild Ambition, which defy'd
A Royal Mandat, hurried you to Town;
When over-weening Pride of Popular Power,
Had thruſt you headlong in the *Louvre* Toils,
Then had you dy'd: For know, my haughty Lord,
Had I not been, offended Majeſty
Had doom'd you to the death you well deſerv'd.
Guiſe. Then was't not *Henry*'s fear preſerv'd my Life?
Mar. You know him better, or you ought to know him;
He's born to give you fear, not to receive it.
Guiſe. Say this again, but add you gave not up
Your Honour as the Ranſom of my Life;
For if you did, 'twere better I had dy'd.
Mar. And ſo it were.
Guiſe. Why ſaid you, So it were?
For tho' 'tis true, methinks 'tis much unkind.
Mar. My Lord, we are not now to talk of kindneſs;
If you acknowledge I have ſav'd your Life;
Be grateful in return, and do an act
Your Honour, though unaskt by me, requires.
Guiſe. By Heav'n and you, whom next to Heaven I love,
(If I ſaid more, I fear I ſhould not lie,)
I'll do what e'er my Honour will permit.
Mar. Go throw your ſelf at *Henry*'s Royal Feet,
And riſe not, 'till approv'd a Loyal Subject.
Guiſe. A Dutious Loyal Subject I was ever.
Mar. I'll put it ſhort, my Lord, depart from *Paris.*
Guiſe. I cannot leave
My Countrey, Friends, Religion, all at ſtake;
Be wiſe, and be before-hand with your Fortune;
Prevent the turn, forſake the ruin'd Court;
Stay here, and make a merit of your Love.
Mar. No, I'll return, and periſh in thoſe Ruines;
I find thee now, ambitious, faithleſs *Guiſe*,
Farewel the baſeſt, and the laſt of Men.
Guiſe. Stay — or — O Heav'n! I'll force you: Stay —
Mar. I do believe

So ill of you, ſo villainouſly ill,
That if you durſt you would:
Honour you've little, Honeſty you've leſs;
But Conſcience you have none.
Yet there's a thing call'd Fame, and Men's Eſteem,
Preſerves me from your force; once more farewel:
Look on me *Guiſe*, thou ſeeſt me now the laſt,
Tho' Treaſon urge not Thunder on thy head,
This one departing Glance ſhall flaſh thee dead. [*Exit.*

Guiſe. Ha, ſaid ſhe true? have I ſo little Honour?
Why then a Prize ſo eaſie, and ſo fair,
Had never ſcap'd my Gripe; but mine ſhe is,
For that's ſet down as ſure as *Harry*'s Fall:
But my Ambition that ſhe calls my Crime:
Falſe, falſe, by Fate, my Right was born with me,
And Heaven confeſt it in my very frame;
The Fires that would have form'd ten thouſand Angels,
Were cram'd together for my ſingle Soul.

Enter Malicorne.

Mal. My Lord, you trifle precious hours away,
The Heavens look gaudily upon your greatneſs,
And the crown'd moments court you as they fly;
Briſack and fierce *Aumale* have pent the *Swiſſe*,
And folded 'em like Sheep in holy ground,
Where now with order'd Pikes, and Colours furl'd,
They wait the word that dooms 'em all to dye:
Come forth and bleſs the Triumph of the day.

Guiſe. So ſlight a Victory requir'd not me:
I but ſate ſtill, and Nodded like a God
My World into Creation, now tis time
To walk abroad, and careleſly ſurvey
How the dull Matter does the form obey. [*Exit with* Malicorne.

Enter Citizens, and Melanax *in his Fanatick Habit at the head of 'em*

Mel. Hold, hold a little, Fellow Citizens, and you Gentlemen of the Rabble, a word of Godly Exhortation to ſtrengthen your hands, ere you give the Onſet.

1 *Cit.* Is this a time to make Sermons? I wou'd not hear the Devil now tho' he ſhould come in God's name to Preach Peace to us.

2 *Cit.* Look you, Gentlemen, Sermons are not to be deſpis'd, We have all profited by godly Sermons that promote Sedition, Let the Precious Man Hold forth.

Omnes. Let him Hold forth, let him Hold forth.

Mel.

Mel. To promote Sedition is my Buſineſs: It has been ſo before any of you were born, and will be ſo when you are all dead and damn'd; I have led on the Rabble in all Ages.

1 *Cit.* That's a Lye, and a loud one. He has led the Rabble both Old and Young, that's all Ages: A heavenly ſweet Man, I warrant him, I have ſeen him ſomewhere in a Pulpit.

Mel. I ſown Rebellion every where.

1 *Cit.* How every where? That's another Lye: How far have you travell'd, Friend?

Mel. Over all the World.

1 *Cit.* Now that's a Rapper.

2 *Cit.* I ſay, No: For, look you Gentlemen, if he has been a Traveller, he certainly ſays true, for he may lye by Authority.

Mel. That the Rabble may depoſe their Prince,
Has in all Times, and in all Countries, been accounted Lawful.

1 *Cit.* That's the firſt true Syllable he has utter'd: But as how, and whereby, and when may they depoſe him?

Mel. Whenever they have more Power to Depoſe, than he has to Oppoſe, and this they may do upon the leaſt Occaſion.

1 *Cit.* Sirrah, you mince the Matter; you ſhould ſay, we may do it upon no Occaſion, for the leſs the better.

Mel. aſide. Here's a Rogue now will out-ſhoot the Devil in his own Bow.

2 *Cit.* Some Occaſion, in my mind, were not amiſs: For, look you Gentlemen, if we have no Occaſion, then whereby we have no Occaſion to depoſe him; and therefore either Religion or Liberty, I ſtick to thoſe Occaſions: For when they are gone, Good-night to Godlineſs, and Freedom.

Mel. When the moſt are of one Side, as that's our Caſe, we are always in the Right; for they that are in Power will ever be the Judges: So that if we ſay, White is Black, poor White muſt loſe the Cauſe, and put on Mourning; for White is but a Single Syllable, and we are a whole Sentence: Therefore go on boldly, and lay on reſolutely, for your Solemn League and Covenant, and if here be any ſqueamiſh Conſcience who fears to fight againſt the King, though I that have known you Citizens theſe Thouſand Years, ſuſpect not any, let ſuch underſtand, That his Majeſty's Politick Capacity is to be diſtinguiſh'd from his Natural; and though you murder him in one, you may preſerve him in the other, and ſo much for this time, becauſe the Enemy is at hand.

2 *Cit. Looking out.*
Look you, Gentlemen, 'tis *Grillon* the fierce Colonel,
He that devours our Wives, and raviſhes our Children.

1 *Cit.* He looks ſo Grum, I don't care to have to do with him,
Wou'd I were ſafe in my Shop behind the Counter.

2 *Cit.* And wou'd I were under my Wives Petticoats,
Look you, Gentlemen

Mel. You, Neighbour, behind your Compter Yeſterday, paid a Bill

of Exchange in Glaſs *Louisdors*; and you, Friend, that cry, Look you Gentlemen, this very Morning was under another Womans Petticoats, and not your Wives.

Mel. How the Devil does he know this?

Mel. Therefore fight luſtily for the Cauſe of Heaven, and to make even Tallies for your Sins, which that you may do with a better Conſcience, I abſolve you both, and all the reſt of you: Now go on merrily, for thoſe that eſcape ſhall avoid killing; and thoſe who do not eſcape, I will provide for in another World.

[*Cry within on the other Side of the Stage*, Vive le Roy, Vive le Roy.

Enter Grillon, *and his Party.*

Gril. Come on, Fellow-Soldiers, *Commilitones*, that's my Word, as 'twas *Julius Cæſar*'s of *Pagan* Memory; 'fore God I am no Speech-maker, but there are the Rogues, and here's Bilbo, that's a Word and a Blow, we muſt either cut their Throats, or they cut ours, that's pure Neceſſity for your comfort: Now if any Man can be ſo unkind to his own Body, for I meddle not with your Souls, as to ſtand ſtill like a good Chriſtian, and offer his Weeſon to a Butcher's Whittle, I ſay no more, but that he may be ſav'd, and that's the beſt can come on him.

[*Cry on both Sides*, Vive le Roy, Vive Guiſe. *The Fight.*

Mel Hey for the Duke of *Guiſe* and Property, up with Religion and the Cauſe, and down with thoſe Arbitrary Rogues there:
Stand to't you Aſſociated Cuckolds. [*Citizens go back.*
O Rogues, O Cowards, Damn theſe half-ſtrain'd Shop-keepers, Got between Gentlemen and City-Wives, how Naturally they quake, and run away from their own Fathers, Twenty Souls a Penny were a dear Bargain of 'em. [*They all run off*, Meianax *with them, the* 1. *and* 2 *Cit. taken.*

Gril. Poſſeſs your ſelves of the Place, *Maubert*,
And hang me up thoſe Two Rogues for an Example.

1 *Cit.* O ſpare me, ſweet Colonel, I am but a young Beginner, and new ſet up.

Gril. I'll be your Cuſtomer, and ſet you up a little better, Sirrah,
Go hang him at the next Sign-poſt:
What have you to ſay for your ſelf, Scoundrel?
Why were you a Rebel?

Cit. Look you, Colonel, 'twas out of no ill meaning to the Government, all that I did, was pure Obedience to my Wife.

Gril. Nay, if thou haſt a Wife that wears the Breeches,
Thou ſhalt be condemn'd to live:
Get thee home for a Hen-peckt Traytor——
What, are we encompaſs'd? Nay then, Faces this way;
We'll ſell our Skins to the faireſt Chapmen.

[*Enter* Aumale *and Soldiers on the one Side, Citizens on the other*, Grillon *and his Party are diſarm'd.*

1 *Cit.* Bear away that bloody-minded Colonel,

And

And hang him up at the next Sign-poſt:
Nay, when I am in Power, I can make Examples too.
Omnes. Tear him piece-meal, tear him piece-meal. [*Pull and hale him.*
Gril. Rogues, Villains, Rebels, Traytors, Cuckolds;
'Swounds what do you make of a Man? Do you think
Legs and Arms are ſtrung upon a Wire, like a Jointed-Baby?
Carry me off quickly, you were beſt, and hang me decently, according to my firſt Sentence.
2 *Cit.* Look you, Colonel, you are too bulky to be carried off all at once, a Leg or an Arm is one Man's Burden:
Give me a little Finger for a Sample of him, whereby
I'll carry it for a Token to my Sovereign Lady.
Gril. 'Tis too little, in all Conſcience, for her;
Take a bigger Token, Cuckold. *Et tu Brute* whom I ſav'd,
O the Conſcience of a Shop-keeper!
2 *Cit.* Look you, Colonel, for your ſaving me, I thank you heartily, whereby that Debt is paid; but for your ſpeaking Treaſon againſt my anointed Wife, that's a new Reckoning between us.
[*Enter* Guiſe *with a General's Staff in his Hand*, Mayenne, *Cardinal*, *Archbiſhop*, Malicorn, *and Attendant.*
Omnes. Vive Guiſe.
Guiſe *bowing, and Bare-headed.*
I thank you Country-men, the Hand of Heaven
In all our Safeties has appear'd this Day,
Stand on your Guard, and double every Watch,
But ſtain your Triumph with no Chriſtian Blood,
French we are all, and Brothers of a Land.
Card. What mean you, Brother, by this Godly talk?
Of ſparing Chriſtian Blood, why theſe are Dogs;
Now by the Sword that cut off *Malchus* Ear,
Meer Dogs that neither can be ſav'd nor damn'd.
Archbiſhop. Where have you learnt to ſpare inveterate Foes?
Guiſe. You know the Book.
Archbiſhop. And can expound it too:
But Chriſtian Faith was in the Nonage then,
And *Roman* Heathens lorded o'er the World,
What madneſs were it for the Weak and Few,
To fight againſt the Many and the Strong:
Grillon muſt dye, ſo muſt the Tyrant's Guards,
Leſt gathering head again, they make more work.
Mal. My Lord, the People muſt be fleſh'd in Blood,
To teach 'em the true Reliſh, dip 'em with you——
Or they'll perhaps repent.
Guiſe. You are Fools, to kill 'em were to ſhew I fear'd 'em;
The Court diſarm'd, diſheartned, and beſieg'd,
Are all as much within my Power, as if
I grip'd 'em in my Fiſt.

May. 'Tis rightly judg'd:
And let me add, who heads a Popular Cauſe,
Muſt proſecute that Cauſe by Popular Ways:
So whether you are merciful or no,
You muſt affect to be
Guiſe. Diſmiſs thoſe Priſoners, *Grillon*, you are free,
I do not ask your Love, be ſtill my Foe.
Gril. I will be ſo: But let me tell you, *Guiſe*,
As this was greatly done, 'twas proudly too;
I'll give you back your Life when next we meet,
Till then I am your Debtor.
Guiſe. That's till Dooms-day. [Grillon *and his Exeunt one way,*
Haſte, Brother, draw out Fifteen thouſand Men, *Rabble the other.*
Surround the *Louvre*, leſt the Prey ſhould 'ſcape,
I know the King will ſend to treat,
We'll ſet the Dice on him in high Demands,
No leſs than all his Offices of Truſt,
He ſhall be par'd, and canton'd out, and clipt,
So long he ſhall not paſs.
Card. What do we talk
Of paring, clipping, and ſuch tedious Work,
Like thoſe that hang their Noſes o'er a Potion, and Qualm, and Keck, and take it down by Sips.
Archbiſhop. Beſt make advantage of this Popular Rage,
Let in th'o'erwhelming Tyde on *Harry*'s Head.
In that promiſcuous Fury who ſhall know
Among a Thouſand Swords who kill'd the King.
Mal. O my dear Lord, upon this only Day
Depends the Series of your following Fate:
Think your good Genius has aſſum'd my Shape
In this prophetick Doom.
Guiſe. Peace croaking Raven,
I'll ſeize him firſt, then make him a led Monarch;
I'll be de declar'd Lieutenant General
Amidſt the Three Eſtates that repreſent
The glorious, full, majeſtick Face of *France*,
Which in his own deſpight the King ſhall call:
So let him Reign my Tenant during Life,
His Brother of *Navarre* ſhut out for ever,
Branded with Hereſy, and barr'd from Sway,
That when *Valois* conſum'd in Aſhes lies,
The *Phœnix* Race of *Charlemain* may riſe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *The LOUVRE.*

Enter King, Queen-Mother, Abbot, Grillon.

King. Diſmiſt with ſuch Contempt?

Gril.

Gril. Yes, Faith, we paſt like beaten *Romans* underneath the Fork.

King. Give me my Arms.

Gril. For what?

King. I'll lead you on.

Gril. You are a true Lion, but my Men are Sheep;
If you run firſt, I'll ſwear they'll follow you.

King. What all turn'd Cowards? Not a Man in *France*
Dares ſet his Foot by mine, and periſh by me.

Gril. Troth I can't find 'em much inclin'd to periſhing.

King. What can be left in danger, but to dare?
No matter for my Arms, I'll go bare-fac'd,
And ſeize the firſt bold Rebel that I meet.

Abbot. There's ſomething of Divinity in Kings
That ſits between their Eyes, and guards their Life.

Gril. True, Abbot, but the Miſchief is, you Church-men
Can ſee that ſomething further than the Crowd;
Theſe Muſquet Bullets have not read much Logick,
Nor are they given to make your nice Diſtinctions:

[*One enters, and gives the Queen a Note, ſhe reads*——

One of 'em poſſibly may hit the King
In ſome one part of him that's not Divine,
And ſo the mortal part of his Majeſty wou'd draw
The Divinity of it into another World, ſweet Abbot.

Q. Mother. 'Tis equal madneſs to go out or ſtay,
The Reverence due to Kings is all transfer'd
To haughty *Guiſe*, and when new Gods are made,
The old muſt quit the Temple, you muſt fly.

King. Death, had I Wings, yet I would ſcorn to fly.

Gril. Wings, or no Wings, is not the Queſtion:
If you won't fly for't, you muſt ride for't,
And that comes much to one.

King. Forſage my Regal Town.

Q. Mother. Forſake a Bedlam:
This Note informs me, Fifteen thouſand Men
Are marching to encloſe the *Louvre* round.

Abbot. The Buſineſs then admits no more diſpute,
You, Madam, muſt be pleas'd to find the *Guiſe*,
Seem eaſy, fearful, yielding, what you will,
But ſtill prolong the Treaty all you can,
To gain the King more time for his Eſcape.

Q. Mother. I'll undertake it—— Nay, no thanks, my Son,
My Bleſſing ſhall be given in your Deliverance,
That once perform'd, their Web is all unravel'd,
And *Guiſe* is to begin his Work again. [*Exit Q. Mother.*

King. I go this Minute.

Enter

Enter Marmoutier.

Nay then, another Minute muſt be given.
O how I Bluſh, that thou ſhouldſt ſee thy King
Do this low Act that leſſens all his Fame:
Death, muſt a Rebel force me from my Love!
If it muſt be ——

Mar. It muſt not, cannot be.

Gril. No, nor ſhall not Wench, as long as my Soul wears a Body.

King. Secure in that, I'll truſt thee; Shall I truſt thee?
For Conquerors have Charms, and Women Frailty:
Farewel, Thou may'ſt behold me King agen,
My Soul's not yet depos'd, why then Farewel,
I'll ſay't as comfortably as I can:
But O curs'd *Guiſe*, for preſſing on my Time,
And cutting off Ten thouſand more Adieus.

Mar. The Moments that retard your Flight are Traytors.
Make haſte my Royal Maſter to be ſafe,
And ſave me with you, for I'll ſhare your Fate.

King. Wilt thou go too?
Then I am reconcil'd to Heaven again:
O welcome thou good Angel of my Way,
Thou Pledge and Omen of my ſafe Return;
Not *Greece*, nor hoſtile *Juno* cou'd deſtroy
The Hero that abandon'd burning *Troy*,
He 'ſcap'd the Dangers of the dreadful Night,
When loaded with his Gods he took his Flight.

[*Exeunt King, leading her.*

ACT V.

SCENE, *The Caſtle of* Bloiſe,

Enter Grillon, Alphonſo Corſo.

Gril. WE'come, Colonel, welcome to *Bloiſe*.

Alph. Since laſt we parted at the Barricadoes,
The World's turn'd upſide down.

Gril. No, Faith, 'tis better, now 'tis downſide up;
Our part o'th' Wheel is riſing, though but ſlowly.

Alph. Who lookt for an Aſſembly of the States?

Gril. When the King was eſcaped from *Paris*, and got out of the Toyles, 'twas time for the *Guiſe* to take 'em down, and pitch others: That is, to treat for the Calling of a Parliament, where being ſure of the Major part, he might get by Law, what he had miſſed by Force.

Alph.

Alph. But why ſhould the King aſſemble the States to ſatisfy the *Guiſe* after ſo many Affronts?

Gril. For the ſame reaſon that a Man in a Duel ſays, he has received Satisfaction when he is firſt wounded, and afterwards diſarm'd.

Alph. But why this Parliament at *Blois*, and not at *Paris*?

Gril. Becauſe no Barricado's have been made at *Blois*: This *Blois* is a very little Town, and the King can draw it after him.
But *Paris* is a damn'd unweildy Bulk, and when the Preachers draw againſt the King, a Parſon in a Pulpit is a deviliſh Fore-horſe.
Beſides, I found in that Inſurrection, what dangerous Beaſts theſe Townſmen are; I tell you, Colonel, a Man had better deal with Ten of their Wives, than with One zealous Citizen:
O your inſpir'd Cuckold is moſt implacable.

Alph. Is there any ſeeming Kindneſs between the King, and the Duke of *Guiſe*?

Gril. Yes, moſt wonderful: They are as dear to one another, as an old Uſurer, and a rich young Heir upon a Mortgage. The King is very Loyal to the *Guiſe*, and the *Guiſe* is very Gracious to the King: Then the Cardinal of *Guiſe*, and the Archbiſhop of *Lyons*, are the Two Pendants, that are always hanging at the Royal Ear: They eaſe His Majeſty of all the Spiritual Buſineſs, and the *Guiſe* of all the Temporal; ſo that the King is certainly the happieſt Prince in *Chriſtendom*, without any Care upon him: So yielding up every Thing to his Loyal Subjects, that he's infallibly in the way of being the Greateſt, and moſt Glorious King in all the World.

Alph. Yet I have heard, he made a ſharp reflecting Speech upon their Party at the opening of the Parliament, admoniſh'd Men of their Duties, pardon'd what was paſt, but ſeem'd to threaten Vengeance if they perſiſted for the future.

Gril. Yes, and then they all took the Sacrament together: He promiſing to unite himſelf to them, and they to obey him, according to the Laws; yet the very next Morning they went on, in purſuance of their old Commonwealth Deſigns, as violently as ever.

Alph. Now I am dull enough to think they have broken their Oath.

Gril. Ay but you are but One private Man, and they are the Three States; and if they Vote that they have not broken their Oaths, Who is to be Judge?

Alph. There's One above.

Gril. I hope you mean in Heaven, or elſe you are a bolder Man than I am in Parliament time; but here comes the Maſter, and my Niece.

Alph. Heaven preſerve him, if a Man may pray for him without Treaſon.

Gril. O yes, you may pray for him; the Preachers of the *Guiſe*'s Side do that moſt formally: Nay, you may be ſuffer'd civiliy to drink his Health, be of the Court, and keep a Place of Profit under him: For, in ſhort, 'tis a judg'd Caſe of Conſcience, to make your beſt of the King, and to ſide againſt him.

Enter

Enter King *and* Marmoutier.

King. Grillon, be near me,
There's ſomething for my Service to be done,
Your Orders will be ſudden, now withdraw.

Gril. aſide.] Well, I dare truſt my Niece, even though ſhe comes of my own Family; but if ſhe Cuckolds my good Opinion of her Honeſty, there's a whole Sex fall'n under a General Rule without one Exception.
[*Exeunt* Gril. *and* Alph.

Mar. You bid my Uncle wait you.
King. Yes.
Mar. This Hour.
King. I think it was.
Mar. Something of moment hangs upon this Hour.
King. Not more on this, than on the next and next,
My Time is all ta'en up on Uſury;
I never am before-hand with my Hours,
But every one has work before it comes.
Mar. There's ſomething for my Service to be done,
Thoſe were your Words.
King. And you deſire their meaning.
Mar. I dare not ask, and yet perhaps may gueſs.
King. 'Tis ſearching there where Heaven can only pry,
Not Man, who knows not Man but by ſurmiſe,
Nor Devils, nor Angels of a purer Mould,
Can trace the winding Labyrinths of Thought,
I tell thee, *Marmoutier*, I never ſpeak
Not when alone, for fear ſome Fiend ſhould hear,
And blab my Secrets out.
Mar. You hate the *Guiſe*.
King. True, I did hate him.
Mar. And you hate him ſtill.
King. I am reconcil'd.
Mar. Your Spirit is too high,
Great Souls forgive not Injuries, till time
Has put their Enemies into their Power,
That they may ſhew Forgiveneſs is their own;
For elſe 'tis fear to puniſh that forgives:
The Coward, not the King:
King. He has ſubmitted.
Mar. In ſhow, for in effect he ſtill inſults.
King. Well, Kings muſt bear ſometimes.
Mar. They muſt, till they can ſhake their burden off,
And that's, I think, your aim.
King. Miſtaken ſtill:
All Favours, all Preferments, paſs through them,
I'm pliant, and they mould me as they pleaſe.

Mar.

Mar. Theſe are your Arts to make 'em more ſecure,
Juſt ſo your Brother us'd the Admiral.
Brothers may think, and act like Brothers too.
King. What ſaid you, ha! what mean you, *Marmoutier?*
Mar. Nay, what mean you? That ſtart betray'd you, Sir.
King. This is no Vigil of St. *Bartholomew.*
Nor is *Blois Paris.*
Mar. 'Tis an open Town.
King. What then?
Mar. Where you are ſtrongeſt.
King. Well, what then?
Mar. No more, but you have Power, and are provok'd.
King. O! Thou haſt ſet thy Foot upon a Snake,
Get quickly off, or it will ſting thee dead.
Mar. Can I unknow it?
King. No, but keep it ſecret.
Mar. Think, Sir, your thoughts are ſtill as much your own,
As when you kept the Key of your own Breaſt:
But ſince you let me in, I find it fill'd
With Death and Horror; you would murder *Guiſe.*
King. Murder! what Murder! uſe a ſofter word,
And call it Soveraign Juſtice.
Mar. Wou'd I cou'd:
But Juſtice bears the Godlike ſhape of Law,
And Law requires Defence, an equal Plea
Betwix th' Offender, and the Righteous Judge.
King. Yes, when th' Offender can be judg'd by Laws,
But when his Greatneſs overturns the Scales,
Then Kings are Juſtice in the laſt Appeal:
And forc'd by ſtrong Neceſſity may ſtrike,
In which indeed they aſſert the Publick Good,
And like ſworn Surgeons, lop the gangreen'd Limb:
Unpleaſant wholſom work.
Mar. If this be needful.
King. Ha, didſt not thou thy ſelf in fathoming
The depth of my deſigns, drop there the Plummet?
Didſt thou not ſay Affronts, ſo Great, ſo Publick,
I never could forgive?
Mar. I did; but yet—
King. What means, But yet? 'Tis Evidence ſo full,
If the laſt Trumpet ſounded in my Ears,
Undaunted I ſhould meet the Saints half way:
And in the Face of Heaven maintain the Fact.
Mar. Maintain it then to Heaven, but not to me:
Do you love me?
King. Can you doubt it?
Mar. Yes, I can doubt it, if you can deny:

Love begs once more this great Offender's life,
Can you forgive the Man you juſtly hate,
That hazards both your Life and Crown to ſpare him?
One whom you may ſuſpect I more than pity,
(For I wou'd have you ſee that what I ask,
I know is wond'rous difficult to grant)
Can you be thus extravagantly good?

King. What then? For I begin to fear my firmneſs:
And doubt the ſoft deſtruction of your tongue.

Mar. Then in return, I ſwear to Heaven, and you,
To give you all the preference of my Soul:
No Rebel Rival to diſturb you there,
Let him but live, that he may be my Convert.

[*King walks a-while, then wipes his eyes, and ſpeaks.*

King. You've Conquer'd, all that's paſt ſhall be forgiv'n,
My laviſh Love has made a laviſh Grant:
But know this Act of Grace ſhall be my laſt.
Let him repent, yes, let him well repent,
Let him deſiſt, and tempt Revenge no farther:
For by yond Heaven that's conſcious of his Crimes,
I will no more by Mercy be betray'd.

[*Deputies appearing at the Door.*

The Deputies are ent'ring, You muſt leave me:
Thus Tyrant Buſineſs all my hours uſurps,
And makes me live for others.

Mar. Now Heav'n reward you with a proſperous Reign,
And grant you never may be good in vain. [*Exit.*

[*Enter Deputies of the Three States, Cardinal of* Guiſe, *and Archbiſhop of* Lyons, *at the Head of 'em.*

King. Well, my good Lords, what Matters of Importance
Employ'd the States this Morning?

Archb. One high Point
Was warmly canvaſs'd in the Commons Houſe,
And will be ſoon reſolv'd.

King. What was't?

Card. Succeſſion.

King. That's one high Point indeed, but not to be
So warmly canvaſs'd, or ſo ſoon reſolv'd.

Card. Things neceſſary muſt ſometimes be ſudden.

King. No ſudden danger threatens you, my Lord.

Archb. What may be ſud len, muſt be counted ſo;
We hope, and wiſh Your Life: But Yours, and ours,
Are in the hand of Heaven.

King. My Lord, They are:
Yet in a Natural way I may live long,
If Heaven and You my Loyal Subjects pleaſe.

Archb. But ſince good Princes, like your Majeſty,

Take

Take care of dangers meerly poſſible,
Which may concern their Subjects whoſe they are,
And for whom Kings are made.
King. Yes, we for them,
And they for us, the Benefits are mutual,
And ſo the Ties are too.
Card. To cut things ſhort,
The Commons will decree to exclude *Navar.*
From the Succeſſion of the Realm of *France.*
King. Decree, my Lord! What one Eſtate decree,
Where then are the other two, and what am I?
The Government is caſt up ſomewhat ſhort,
The Clergy and Nobility caſhier'd,
Five hundred popular Figures on a Row,
And I my ſelf that am, or ſhould be King,
An o'ergrown Cypher ſet before the Sum:
What Reaſons urge our Sovereigns for th'Excluſion?
Archb. He ſtands ſuſpected, Sir, of Hereſie.
King. Has he been call'd to make his juſt defence?
Card. That needs not, for 'tis known.
King. To whom?
Card. The Commons.
King. What is't thoſe Gods the Commons do not know?
But Hereſie you Church-men teach us Vulgar,
Suppoſes obſtinate and ſtill perſiſting
In Errors prov'd, long Admonitions made,
And all rejected; has this Courſe been us'd?
Archb. We grant it has not, but———
King. Nay, give me leave,
I urge from your own grant it has not been:
If then in proceſs of a petty Sum,
Both Parties having not been fully heard,
No Sentence can be giv'n:
Much leſs in the Succeſſion of a Crown,
Which after my deceaſe, by Right Inherent,
Devolves upon my Brother of *Navarre.*
Card. The Right of Souls is ſtill to be preferr'd;
Religion muſt not ſuffer for a Claim.
King. If Kings may be excluded, or depos'd,
Whene'er you cry Religion to the Crowd,
That Doctrine makes Rebellion Orthodox,
And Subjects muſt be Traytors to be ſav'd.
Archb. Then Hereſy's entail'd upon the Throne.
King. You would entail Confuſion, Wars and Slaughters:
Thoſe Ills are certain, what you name Contingent.
I know my Brother's Nature, 'tis ſincere,
Above deceit, no crookedneſs of thought,

Says, what he means, and what he ſays, performs:
Brave, but not raſh; ſucceſsful, but not proud.
So much acknowledging, that he's uneaſy,
Till every petty ſervice be o'er-paid.
Archb. Some ſay revengeful.
King. Some then libel him:
But that's what both of us have learnt to bear.
He can forgive, but you diſdain forgiveneſs:
Your Chiefs are they no Libel muſt profane:
Honour's a Secred thing in all but Kings;
But when your Rhimes aſſaſſinate our Fame,
You hug your nauſeous, blund'ring Ballad-wits,
And pay 'em as if Nonſence were a merit,
If it can mean but Treaſon.
Archb. Sir, we have many Arguments to urge—
King. And I have more to anſwer, let 'em know
My Royal Brother of *Navarre* ſhall ſtand
Secure by Right, by Merit, and my Love.
God, and good men will never fail his Cauſe,
And all the bad ſhall be conſtrain'd by Laws.
Archb. Since gentle meanes t'exclude *Navarre* are vain,
To morrow in the States 'twill be propos'd,
To make the Duke of *Guiſe* Lieutenant General,
Which power moſt graciouſly confirm'd by you,
Will ſtop this headlong Torrent of Succeſſion,
That bears Religion, Laws, and all before it:
In hope you'll not oppoſe what muſt be done,
We wiſh you, Sir, a long and proſp'rous Reign.
[*Exeunt Omnes, but the King.*
King. To morrow *Guiſe* is made Lieutenant General,
Why then to morrow I no more am King;
'Tis time to puſh my ſlack'nd vengeance home,
To be a King, or not to be at all,
The Vow that manacled my Rage is loos'd,
Even Heaven is wearied with repeated Crimes,
Till lightning flaſhes round to guard the Throne,
And the curb'd Thunder grumbles to be gone.
[*Enter* Grillon *to him.*
Grill. 'Tis juſt the pointed hour you bid me wait.
King. So juſt, as if thou wert inſpir'd to come;
As if the Guardian Angel of my Throne,
Who had o'erſlept himſelf ſo many Years,
Juſt now was rouz'd, and brought thee to my reſcue.
Grill. I hear the *Guiſe* will be Lieutenant General.
King. And canſt thou ſuffer it.
Grill. Nay, if you will ſuffer it, then well may I.
If Kings will be ſo civil to their Subjects, to give up all things tamely,
they

they firſt turn Rebels to themſelves, and that's a fair example for their Friends; 'Slife Sir, 'tis a dangerous matter to be Loyal on the wrong ſide, to ſere my Prince in ſpite of him; if you'll be a Royaliſt your ſelf, there are Millions of honeſt Men will fight for you; but if you w'on not, there are few will hang for you.

King. No more: I am reſolv'd.
The courſe of things can be with-held no longer
From breaking forth to their appointed end:
My vengeance ripen'd in the womb of time,
Preſſes for birth, and longs to be diſclos'd.
Grillon the *Guiſe* is doom'd—to ſudden death:
The Sword muſt end him; Has not thine an Edge?

Grill. Yes, and a Point too; I'll challenge him:

King.—I bid thee kill him. [*Walking.*

Grill.—So I mean to do.

King.—Without thy hazard.

Grill. Now I underſtand you, I ſhou'd murder him:
I am your Soldier, Sir, but not your Hangman.

King.———Doſt thou not hate him?

Grill.——Yes.

King. Haſt thou not ſaid,
That he deſerves it?

Grill. Yes, but how have I
Deſerved to do a Murder?

King. 'Tis no Murder:
'Tis Soveraign Juſtice urged from Self Defence.

Grill. 'Tis all confeſt, and yet I dare not do't.

King. Go, thou art a Coward.

Grill. You are my King.

King. Thou ſay'ſt thou dar'ſt not kill him.

Grill. Were I a Coward, I had been a Villain,
And then I durſt ha' don't.

King. Thou haſt done worſe in thy long courſe of Arms,
Haſt thou ne'er kill'd a Man?

Grill. Yes when a Man wou'd have kill'd me.

King. Haſt thou not plunder'd from the helpleſs Poor?
Snatch'd from the ſweeting Labourer his Food?

Grill. Sir, I have eaten and drunk in my own defence,
When I was hungry and thirſty.
I have plunder'd,
When you have not paid me———
I have been content with a Farmer's Daughter,
When a better Whore was not to be had.
As for Cutting off a Traytor, I'll execute him lawfully
In my own Function, when I meet him in the Field;
But for your Chamber-practice, that's not my Talent.

King. Is my Revenge Unjuſt, or Tyrannous?

Heaven

Heaven knows, I love not Blood.

Grill. No, for your Mercy is your only Vice.
You may diſpatch a Rebel lawfully,
But the miſchief is, that Rebel
Has given me my Life at the Barricadoes,
And till I have return'd his Bribe,
I am not upon even Terms with him.

King. Give me thy hand, I love thee not the worſe;
Make much of Honour, 'tis a Soldier's Conſcience,
Thou ſhall not do this Act, thou'rt e'en too good;
But keep my Secret, for that's Conſcience too.

Grill. When I diſcloſe it, think I am a Coward.

King. No more of that, I know thou art not one:
Call *Lognac* hither ſtraight, and St. *Malin*;
Bid *Larchant* find ſome unſuſpected means
To keep Guards doubled at the Council-door,
That none paſs in or out, but thoſe I call:
The reſt I'll think on further, ſo farewel.

Grill. Heaven bleſs your Majeſty!
Tho' I'll not kill him for you, I'd defend you when he's kill'd,
For the honeſt part of the Jobb let me alone. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

The Scene opens, and diſcovers Men and Women at a Banquet, Malicorn *ſtanding by.*

Mal. This is the Solemn Annual Feaſt I keep,
As this day Twelve Years on this very hour
I ſign'd the Contract for my Soul with Hell;
I barter'd it for Honours, Wealth, and Pleaſure,
Three things which mortal Men do covet moſt.
And, Faith, I over-ſold it to the Fiend:
What, One and twenty Years, Nine yet to come,
How can a Soul be worth ſo much to Devils?
O how I hug my ſelf, to out-wit theſe Fools of Hell!
And yet a ſudden damp, I know not why,
Has ſeiz'd my Spirits, and like a heavy weight
Hangs on their active ſprings, I want a Song
To rouze me, my blood freezes: Muſick there?

A SONG *and Dance.*

Shepherdeſs. *TEll me, Thirſis, tell your Anguiſh,*
Why you Sigh, and why you Languiſh;
When the Nymph whom you Adore,
Grants the Bleſſing of Poſſeſſing,
What can Love and I do more?

Shepherd. *Think it's Love beyond all meaſure,*
Makes me faint away with pleaſure;

Strength

Strength of Cordial may deſtroy,
And the Bleſſing of poſſeſſing
Kills me with exceſs of Joy.

Shepherdeſs. Thirſis, *how can I believe you?*
But confeſs, and I'll forgive you;
Men are falſe, and ſo are you;
Never Nature fram'd a Creature
To enjoy, and yet be true.

Shepherd. *Mine's a Flame beyond expiring,*
Still poſſeſſing, ſtill deſiring.
Fit for Love's Imperial Crown;
Ever ſhining, and refining,
Still the more 'tis melted down.

[*Loud knocking at the door.*

Enter Servant.

What Noiſe is that?

Serv. An ill-look'd ſurly Man,
With a hoarſe Voice, ſays he muſt ſpeak with you.

Mal. Tell him I dedicate this day to pleaſure,
I neither have, nor will have Buſineſs with him. [*Exit Serv.*
What louder yet, what ſawcy Slave is this? [*Knocks louder.*

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. He ſays you have, and muſt have Buſineſs with him,
Come out, or he'll come in, and ſpoil your Mirth.

Mal. I wo'n not.

Serv. Sir, I dare not tell him ſo. [*Knocks again more fiercely.*
My hair ſtands up in Briſtles when I ſee him:
The Dogs run into Corners; the Spade-Bitch
Bayes at his back, and howls.

Mal. Bid him enter, and go off thy ſelf. [*Exit Serv.*

[*Scene cloſes upon the Company.*

Enter Melanax, *an Hour-glaſs in his hand almoſt empty.*

How dar'ſt thou interrupt my ſofter hours?
By Heaven I'll ramm thee in ſome knotted Oak,
Where thou ſhalt ſigh and groan to whiſtling Winds
Upon the lonely Plain:
Or I'll confine thee deep in the Red Sea grov'ling on the Sands,
Ten thouſand Billows rowling o'er thy head.

Mel. Hoh, hoh, hoh.

Mal. Laugh'ſt thou, malicious Fiend?
I'll ope my Book of bloody Characters,
Shall rumple up thy tender airy Limbs,
Like Parchment on a flame.

Mel. Thou canſt not do't,
Behold this Hour-glaſs.

Mal.

Mal. Well, and what of that?
Mel. See'ſt thou theſe ebbing Sands?
They run for thee, and when their Race is run,
Thy Lungs the Bellows of thy mortal breath,
Shall ſink for ever down and heave no more.
Mal. What, reſty Fiend?
Nine Years thou haſt to ſerve.
Mel. Not full Nine Minutes.
Mal. Thou ly'ſt, look on thy Bond, and view the date.
Mel. Then wilt thou ſtand to that without Appeal?
Mal. I will ſo, help me Heaven.
Mel So take thee Hell. [*Gives him the Bond.*
There, Fool, behold, who lyes, the Devil or thou?
Mal. Ha! One and twenty Years are ſhrunk to twelve,
Do my Eyes dazle?
Mel. No, they ſee too true:
They dazl'd once, I caſt a Miſt before 'em,
So what was figur'd Twelve, to thy dull ſight
Appear'd full Twenty one.
Mal. There's Equity in Heaven for this, a Cheat.
Mel. Fool, thou haſt quitted thy Appeal to Heaven,
To ſtand to this.
Mal. Then I am loſt for ever.
Mel. Thou art.
Mal. O why was I not warn'd before?
Mel. Yes to repent, and then thou hadſt cheated me.
Mal. Add but a day, but half a day, an hour:
For ſixty Minutes I'll forgive nine Years.
Mel. No not a Moments thought beyond my time:
Diſpatch, 'tis much below me to attend
For one poor ſingle Fare.
Mal. So pitileſs?
But yet I command thee, and I will:
I love the *Guiſe* even with my lateſt breath
Beyond my Soul, and my loſt hopes of Heaven;
I charge thee by my ſhort-liv'd power, diſcloſe
What Fate attends my Maſter.
Mel. If he goes
To Council when he next is call'd, he dyes.
Mal. Who waits?

Enter Servant.

Go, give my Lord my laſt adieu,
Say I ſhall never ſee his Eyes again:
But if he goes when next he's call'd to Council,
Bid him believe my lateſt breath he dyes. *Exit Serv.*
The Sands run yet, O do not ſhake the Glaſs: [*Devil ſhakes the Glaſs.*
I ſhall be thine too ſoon, cou'd I repent,

Heav'ns

Heaven's not confin'd to Moments, Mercy, Mercy.
Mel. I ſee thy Prayers diſperſt into the Winds,
And Heav'n has puft 'em by:
I was an Angel once of foremoſt Rank,
Stood next the ſhining Throne, and wink'd but half,
So almoſt gaz'd I Glory in the Face
That I could bear it, and ſtar'd farther in,
'Twas but a moments Pride, and yet I fell,
For ever fell; but Man, baſe Earth-born Man,
Sins paſt a Sum, and might be pardon'd more:
And yet 'tis juſt, for we were perfect Light,
And ſaw our Crimes, Man in his Body's Mire,
Half-ſoul, Half-clod, ſinks blindfold into Sin,
Betray'd by Frauds without, and Luſts within.
Mal. Then I have hope.
Mel. Not ſo, I preach'd on purpoſe
To make thee loſe this Moment of thy Prayer,
Thy Sand creeps low, Deſpair, Deſpair, Deſpair.
Mal Where am I now? Upon the brink of Life,
The Gulph before me, Devils to puſh me on,
And Heaven behind me cloſing all its Doors.
A Thouſand Years for ev'ry Hour I've paſt,
O cou'd I 'ſcape ſo Cheap! But Ever, Ever,
Still to begin an endleſs round of Woes,
To be renew'd for Pains, and laſt for Hell?
Yet can Pains laſt, when Bodies cannot laſt?
Can earthy Subſtance endleſs Flames endure?
Or when one Body wears, and flits away,
Do Souls thruſt forth another Cruſt of Clay?
To fence and guard their tender Forms from Fire——
I feel my Heart-ſtrings rend, I'm here, I'm gone:
Thus Men too careleſs of their future State,
Diſpute, know nothing, and believe too late.
[*A Flaſh of Lightning, they ſink together.*

Duke of Guiſe, *Cardinal*, Aumale.

Card. A dreadful Meſſage from a dying Man,
A Prophecy indeed!
For Souls juſt quitting Earth, peep into Heaven,
Make ſwift Acquaintance, with their Kindred Forms,
And Partners of immortal Secrets grow.
Aum. 'Tis good to lean on the ſecurer Side:
When Life depends, the mighty Stake is ſuch,
Fools fear too little, and they dare too much.

Enter Archbiſhop.

Guiſe. You have prevail'd, I will not go to Council,
I have provok'd my Sovereign paſt a Pardon,
It but remains to doubt if he dare kill me:

Than if he dares but to be juſt, I die,
'Tis too much odds againſt me, I'll depart,
And finiſh Greatneſs at ſome ſafer time.
Archb. By Heaven 'tis *Harry*'s Plot to fright you hence,
That, Coward-like, you might forſake your Friends.
Guiſe. The Devil foretold it dying *Malicorne.*
Archb. Yes, ſome Court-Devil, no doubt:
If you depart, conſider, good my Lord,
You are the Maſter-ſpring that move our Fabrick,
Which once remov'd, our Motion is no more.
Without your Preſence, which buoys up our Hearts,
The League will ſink beneath a Royal Name:
Th'inevitable Yoke prepar'd for Kings,
Will ſoon be ſhaken off; things done, repeal'd;
And things undone, paſt future Means to do.
Card. I know not, I begin to taſte his Reaſons.
Archb. Nay, were the Danger certain of your ſtay,
An Act ſo mean would loſe you all your Friends,
And leave you ſingle to the Tyrant's Rage:
Then better 'tis to hazard Life alone,
Than Life, and Friends, and Reputation too.
Guiſe. Since more I am confirm'd, I'll ſtand the ſhock:
Where e'er he dares to call, I dare to go.
My Friends are many, faithful and united,
He will not venture on ſo raſh a Deed;
And now I wonder I ſhould fear that Force,
Which I have us'd to Conquer and Contemn.
Enter Marmoutier.
Archb. Your Tempter comes, perhaps, to turn the Scale,
And warn you not to go.
Guiſe. O fear her not,
I will be there. [*Exeunt Archbiſhop and Cardinal.*
What can ſhe mean, Repent?
Or is it caſt betwixt the King and her
To ſound me? Come what will, it warms my Heart
With ſecret Joy, which theſe my ominous Stateſmen
Left dead with me; Ha! ſhe turns away.
Mar. Do you not wonder at this Viſit, Sir?
Guiſe. No, Madam, I at laſt have gain'd the Point
Of mightieſt Minds to wonder now at nothing.
Mar. ——Believe me, *Guiſe*, 'twere gallantly reſolv'd,
If you cou'd carry't on the inſide too,
Why came that Sigh uncall'd? For Love of me
Partly perhaps, but more for thirſt of Glory,
Which now again dilates it ſelf in Smiles,
As if you ſcorn'd that I ſhould know your purpoſe.
Guiſe. I Change, 'tis true, becauſe I Love you ſtill;

Love

Love you, O Heav'n, ev'n in my own deſpight,
I tell you all even at that very moment,
I know you ſtrait betray me to the King.
Mar. O *Guiſe*, I never did; but, Sir, I come
To tell you, I muſt never ſee you more.
Guiſe. The King's at *Blois*, and you have reaſon for't,
Therefore what am I to expect from pity?
From yours, I mean, when you behold me ſlain.
Mar. Firſt anſwer me, and then I'll ſpeak my heart,
Have you, O *Guiſe*, ſince your laſt Solemn Oaths,
Stood firm to what you ſwore? Be plain, my Lord,
Or run it o'er a while, becauſe agen
I tell you I muſt never ſee you more.
Guiſe. Never! She's ſet on by the King to ſift me,
Why by that Nerva then, all I have ſworn
Is true, as that the King deſigns to end me.
Mar. Keep your Obedience, by the Saints you live.
Guiſe. Then mark, 'tis judg'd by Heads grown white in Council,
This very Day he means to cut me off.
Mar. By Heaven then you'r forſworn, you've broke your Vows.
Guiſe. ——By you the Juſtice of the Earth I have not.
Mar. By you Diſſembler of the World you have,
I know the King.
Guiſe. ——I do believe you, Madam,
Mar. ——I have try'd you both.
Guiſe. ——Not me, the King you mean.
Mar. —— Do theſe o'erboiling Anſwers ſuit the *Guiſe*,
Bnt go to Council, Sir, there ſhew your truth,
If you are innocent you're ſafe, but O
If I ſhou'd chance to ſee you ſtretcht along,
Your Love, O *Guiſe*, and your Ambition gone
That venerable Aſpect pale with death.
I muſt conclude you merited your end.
Guiſe. ——You muſt, you will, and ſmile upon my Murder.
Mar. Therefore if you are conſcious of a Breach,
Confeſs it to me, lead me to the King,
He has promis'd me to conquer his Revenge,
And place you next him; therefore if you're right,
Make me not fear it by Aſſeverations:
But ſpeak your heart, and O reſolve me truly.
Guiſe. ——Madam, I ha' thought, and truſt you with my Soul;
You ſaw but now my parting with my Brother,
The Prelate too of *Lyons*, 'twas debated
Warmly againſt me that I ſhould go on.
Mar. —— Did I not tell you, Sir?
Guiſe. ——True, but in ſpight
Of thoſe Imperial Arguments they urg'd,

I was not to be work'd from ſecond thought;
There we broke off; And, mark me, if I live,
You are the Saint that makes a Convert of me.
Mar. Go then, O Heaven! Why muſt I ſtill ſuſpect you?
Why heaves my Heart? And why o'erflow my Eyes?
Yet if you live, O *Guiſe*, there, there's the Cauſe,
I never ſhall converſe, nor ſee you more.
Guiſe. O ſay not ſo, for once again I'll ſee you,
Were you this very Night to lodge with Angels,
Yet ſay not Never; for I hope by Virtue
To merit Heaven, and wed you late in Glory.
Mar. This Night, my Lord, I'm a Recluſe for ever.
Guiſe. Ha! Stay till Morning Tapers are too dim;
Stay till the Sun riſes to ſalute you;
Stay till I lead you to that diſmal Den
Of Virgins, buried quick, and ſtay for Ever.
Mar. Alas! Your Suit is vain, for I have vow'd it:
Nor was there any other way to clear
Th' imputed Stains of my ſuſpected Honour.
Guiſe. Hear me a Word, one Sigh, one Tear at parting,
And one laſt Look; for, O my earthly Saint,
I ſee your Face pale, as the Cherubims
At *Adam*'s Fall.
Mar. O Heaven I now confeſs,
My Heart bleeds for thee, *Guiſe*.
Guiſe. Why, Madam, why?
Mar. Becauſe by this Diſorder,
And that ſad Fate that bodes upon your Brow,
I do believe you love me more than Glory.
Guiſe. Without an Oath I do, therefore have Mercy,
And think not Death cou'd make me tremble thus:
Be pitiful to thoſe Infirmities
Which thus Unman me, ſtay till the Council's o'er;
If you are pleas'd to grant an Hour or Two
To my laſt Prayer, I'll thank you as my Saint;
If you refuſe me, Madam, I'll not murmur.
Mar. Alas, my *Guiſe!* O Heav'n what did I ſay?
But take it, take it, if it be too kind,
Honour may pard'n it, ſince it is my laſt.
Guiſe. O let me crawl, Vile as I am, and kiſs [*She gives him her Hand.*
Your Sacred Robe. Is't poſſible, your Hand!
O that it were my laſt expiring Moment,
For I ſhall never taſte the like again.
Mar. Farewel, my Proſelyte, your better Genius
Watch your Ambition.
Guiſe. I have none but you,
Muſt I never ſee you more?

Mar.

Mar. I have ſworn you muſt not:
Which thought thus roots me here, melts my reſolves, [*Weeps.*
And makes me loyter when the Angels call me.
Guiſe. O ye Celeſtial Dewes! O Paradiſe!
O Heav'n! O Joys! Ne'er to be taſted more.
Mar. Nay, take a little more, cold *Marmoutier*,
The temporate, devoted *Marmoutier*
Is gone, a laſt Embrace I muſt bequeath you.
Guiſe. And O let me return it with another.
Mar. Farewel for ever; Ah, *Guiſe*, though now we part,
In the bright Orbs prepar'd us by our Fates,
Our Souls ſhall meet——Farewel——and *Io's* ſing above,
Where no Ambition, nor State-Crime, the happier Spirits prove,
But all are bleſt, and all enjoy an everlaſting Love. [*Exit.* Mar.

Guiſe *ſolus.*

Guiſe. Glory, where art thou? Fame, Revenge, Ambition,
Where are you fled? There's Ice upon my Nerves:
My Salt, my Mettal, and my Spirit's gone,
Pall'd as a Slave that's Bed-rid with an Ague,
I wiſh my Fleſh were off: What now! Thou bleed'ſt!
Three and no more! What then? And why what then?
But juſt Three Drops! And why not juſt Three Drops,
As well as Four or Five, or Five and twenty? [*Enter Page.*
Page. My Lord, your Brother and the Archbiſhop wait you.
Guiſe. I come, down Devil, Ha! Muſt I ſtumble too?
Away ye Dreams, What if I thunder'd Now?
Or if a Raven croſs'd me in my way,
Or now it comes, becauſe laſt Night I dreamt
The Council-Hall was hung with Crimſon round,
And all the Cieling plaiſter'd o'er with Black.
No more, blue Fires, and ye dull rowling Lakes,
Fathomleſs Caves, ye Dungeons of old Night,
Fantoms be gone, if I muſt dye, I'll fall,
True Politician, and defy you all.

SCENE II.

The Court before the Council-Hall.

Grillon, Larchant, *Souldiers placed, People crowding.*

Gril. Are your Guards doubl'd, Captain?
Larch. Sir, They are.
Gril. When the *Guiſe* comes, remember your Petition,
Make way there for his Eminence; Give back,
Your Eminence comes late.

Enter Two Cardinals, Counſellors, the Cardinal of Guiſe, *Archbiſhop of* Lyons, *laſt the* Guiſe.

Guiſe. Well, Colonel, are we Friends?

Gril.

Gril. Faith, I think not.
Guiſe. Give me your Hand.
Gril. No, for that gives a Heart.
Guiſe. Yet we ſhall claſp in Heaven.
Gril. By Heaven we ſhall not,
Unleſs it be with Gripes.
Guiſe. True, *Grillon*, ſtill.
Larch. My Lord.
Guiſe. Ha, Captain, you are well attended,
If I miſtake not, Sir, your Number's doubl'd.
Larch. All theſe have ſerv'd againſt the Hereticks,
And therefore beg your Grace you would remember
Their Wounds, and loſt Arrears.
Guiſe. It ſhall be done.
Agen my Heart, there is a Weight upon thee,
But I will ſigh it off, Captain Farewel.

[*Exeunt* Cardinal, Guiſe, *&c.*

Gril. Shut the Hall-door, and bar the Caſtle-gates:
March, March there, Cloſer yet, Captain, to the Door. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *Council-Hall.*

Guiſe. I do not like my ſelf to Day.
Archb. ——A Qualm, he dares not.
Card. ——That's one Man's thought, he dares, and that's anothers.

Enter Grillon.

Guiſe. O *Marmoutier*, Ha, never ſee thee more,
Peace my tumultuous Heart, why jolt my Spirits
In this unequal Circling of my Blood,
I'll ſtand it while I may, O mighty Nature!
Why this Alarm, why doſt thou call me on
To fight, yet rob my Limbs of all their uſe. [*Swoons.*
Card. Ha! He's fall'n, chaſe him: He comes agen.
Guiſe. I beg your Pardons, Vapours, no more.
Gril. Th'Effect
Of laſt Nights Lechery with ſome working Whore.

Enter Revol.

Revol. My Lord of *Guiſe*, the King would ſpeak with you.
Guiſe. O Cardinal, O *Lyons*, but no more,
Yes, one Word more, thou haſt a Privilege [*To the Cardinal.*
To ſpeak with a Recluſe, O therefore tell her,
It never thou behold'ſt me breathe again,

Tell

Tell her I ſigh'd it laſt,— O *Marmoutier*. [*Exit bowing.*

Card. You will have all Things your own way, my Lord,
By Heav'n, I have ſtrange horror on my Soul.

Archb. I ſay agen, that *Henry* dares not do't.

Card. Beware your Grace of Minds that bear like him,
I know he ſcorns to ſtoop to mean Revenge;
But when ſome mightier Miſchief ſhocks his Toure,
He ſhoots at once with Thunder on his Wings,
And makes it Air, but hark, my Lord, 'tis doing.

Guiſe within.] Murderers, Villains!

Archb. I hear your Brother's Voice, run to the Door.

Card. Help, help, the *Guiſe* is murder'd.

Archb. Help, help.

Gril. Ceaſe your vain Cries, you are the King's Priſoners,
Take 'em *Dugaſt* into your Cuſtody.

Card. We muſt obey, my Lord, for Heaven calls us. [*Exeunt.*

The Scene draws, behind it a Traverſe.

The Guiſe *is aſſaulted by Eight: They ſtab him in all Parts, but moſt in the Head.*

Guiſe. O Villains! Hell hounds! Hold: [*Half draw his Sword, is held.*
Murder'd, O baſely, and not draw my Sword,
Dog, *Logniack*, but my own Blood choaks me, [*Flings himſelf upon him—Dies.*
Down, Villain, Down, I'm gone, O *Marmoutier*.

The Traverſe is drawn.

The King riſes from his Chair, comes forward with his Cabinet Council.

King. Ope the Cloſet, and let in the Council;
Bid *Dugaſt* execute the Cardinal,
Seize all the Factious Leaders, as I order'd,
And every one be anſwer'd on your Lives.

Enter Queen-Mother, *followed by the Counſellors.*

O, Madam, you are welcome, how goes your Health?

Queen-mo. A little mended, Sir, what have you done?

King. That which has made me King of *France*, for there
The King of *Paris* at your Feet lies dead.

Queen-mo. You have cut out dangerous Work, but make it up
With ſpeed and reſolution.

King. Yes, I'll wear
The Fox no longer, but put on the Lion;
And ſince I could reſolve to take the Heads

Of

Of this great Inſurrection, you the Members
Look to't, Beware, turn from your Stubborneſs,
And learn to know me, for I will be King.

Gril. 'Sdeath, how the Traytors lowre, and quake, and droop,
And gather to the Wing of his Protection,
As if they were his Friends, and fought his Cauſe.

King, looking upon Guiſe. } Be witneſs, Heaven, I gave him treble Warning,
He's gone, no more, diſperſe, and think upon't,
Beware my Sword, for if I once unſheath,
By all the Reverence due to Thrones and Crowns,
Nought ſhall atone the Vows of ſpeedy Juſtice,
'Till Fate to Ruine every Traytor brings,
That dares the Vengeance of Indulgent Kings.

F I N I S.

Vindication of the Duke of Guiſe.